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THE GOLDEN AGE OF COLONIAL NEW YORK *

YOU will for the next half hour, dear readers, graciously consider yourselves under kingly rule.

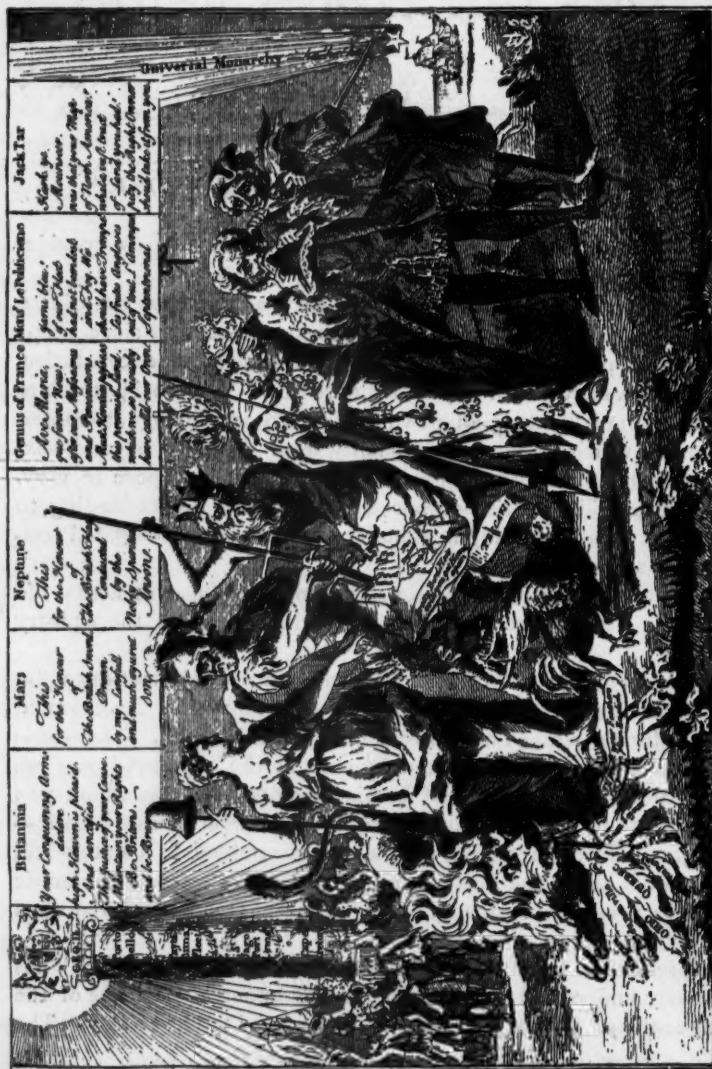
The step backward will be comparatively easy, as you have not of late escaped being well drilled in whatever concerns the century since 1789; and you need not pause in crossing the troubled waters of the Revolution, since you have measured their depths long ere this. You are invited into a field that has the advantage of newness, few writers having attempted to scale the wall which fences our nationality from the near beyond—except for material to illustrate the war. I have no such purpose in view. For once politics will be entirely ignored and, with the causes leading to and the various events resulting in American independence, relegated temporarily to the school-boy.

Our present concern is with certain situations and phases of actual life in New York a little before the cloud-burst which deluged the country with battles.

You are admonished not to look with modern eyes and notions upon the picture I shall sketch. You are supposed to be within the charmed confines of a former age. The future is not revealed to you. The scenes you contemplate are those which actually exist at the time, and you are without any possible knowledge of coming events. No one whom you meet will venture to predict—unless ready for incarceration as a lunatic—that the day will ever arrive when an audience assembled in a stately hall four or five miles above the Battery, in New York; can listen to the music of an opera in progress in Albany, or to "Yankee Doodle" played on a violin in Boston.

The expression or term "The Golden Age of Colonial New York" has been generally understood to refer to a period about the middle of the eighteenth century. Judge Jones pins it to the year 1752, saying: "The

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UNIVERSAL MONARCHY CARICATURED IN 1835, LONDON, ENGLAND.

[Published by act of Parliament.]

BRITAIN'S RIGHTS maintained or FRENCH AMBITION dismantled
Allegory in the Laidable Spectre of ANTI-GALICANS & the generous Protection of French and of Manufacturers
By the most sincere and truly devoted Friends of the Country

colony was extending its trade, encouraging the arts and sciences, and cultivating its lands. Great Britain was at peace with the world. New York was in its happiest state; all discord had ceased, parties were forgotten and animosities forgiven. We had no foreign or domestic enemy." But we know that those fair skies were presently overcast, and that England and France were soon fighting again on our soil, more determined than ever each to conquer the other. Not until 1763 did they agree upon final terms of peace. Then came the Stamp Act and its riotous and disastrous consequences. Immediately after the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766, New York began to hold up her head in self-gratulation, and took her first real holiday in domestic tranquillity. It was then that money commenced to flow in all sorts of channels, and riches, long hoarded, came into prominent view. Houses were built with the rapidity of magic, so to speak, industries bristled with new life, merchants patched extensions upon their warehouses or built new ones, everything old was mended, and fresh paint took a mad race through the length and breadth of the town. Improvements of a public character were projected—in no instance lacking for funds; and in less than two years four expensive churches were erected and as many as three others extensively enlarged. By this time colonial New York was really in her brightest blaze of glory, and the three or four years following 1766 may well be designated the "Golden Age." For the grouping in the present picture I have chosen the year 1768.

As we enter the New York of that date, let us pause a moment on the threshold for a preliminary view. We seem to have come to an odd-looking, overgrown village. The principal street, Broadway, has been opened only to Reade street—beyond which are gardens and green fields—but it is beautified with rows of luxuriant shade-trees on each side through its entire length, and it is kept scrupulously clean. The other streets are short and irregular, although not so crooked as the streets of Boston. There is one street however which has a very remarkable bend, about which we hear romantic stories. It was laid out, they say, by the city cows. In passing back and forth to their pastures they avoided eminences and other obstructions like sensible cows, by going round them. The earliest road that was projected in that direction followed the cow-path. The street is only that old road exaggerated. We find the town full of reminiscence, for the New York of 1768 is already over a hundred and fifty years old. When we ask why there is such a curious display of big and little buildings—such a jumble of churches, fashionable dwellings, markets, blacksmith shops, stores, taverns, and great warehouses—a negro butler of

ready information replies: "Dat am 'cause it were built wid so many languages: da got all mixed up, an' couldn't 'spress de distances in up an' down to be understandable to each oder."

As we look closer the prospect becomes more distinct. The houses do not all stand with the gable end to the street, as some historians would have us believe. There are several antique mansions of costly character, the building materials for which were imported, and there are numerous later homes modeled from the best domestic architecture of Europe. On the western side of Broadway is the city hotel, an immense structure, formerly the dwelling-house of the De Lancey family, which has a spacious hall where dancing assemblies, concerts, and famous banquets are given, and which commands from its rear windows and balconies one of the finest views known of the Hudson river. Trinity church is just below, separated from the sidewalk by a painted picket-fence, and presenting a quaint semi-circular chancel to the street. From its rear rises a famous steeple one hundred and fifty feet high. Wall street, in front of Trinity church, connects Broadway with the East river, the first object of note seen in it being the stately stone-steepled Presbyterian church bronzed with the smoke of half a century, effectively guarding a little grave-yard between its entrance and the sidewalk. Below Trinity, in Broadway, is a small structure that but for a queer belfry would never pass for a house of worship to stranger eyes. Yet it is the Lutheran church, almost three-score and ten years old. Back of it is the English school established by Trinity, and opposite is the school-house of W. Elphinstone, one of the most accomplished teachers in the city.

From here to the Bowling Green (on the west side) Broadway is lined with a superior class of private dwellings. Some of these have stately aspect, as for instance the two built together with one front belonging to the Van Cortlandts of Kingsbridge, illustrated in a former article in this magazine; that of John Stevens next below, whose wife is the sister of Lord Stirling; and the home of Judge Robert R. Livingston of the supreme court, whose brilliant sons and daughters (the older ones are already leaders in society) form a merry and interesting household; his son Robert R., the future chancellor, is now twenty-two years of age and is paying court to the lovely daughter of his next-door neighbor, John Stevens. The Watts and the Kennedy mansions, standing side by side, are as effective in style as any houses of the period on this continent. The parlors of the latter are fifty feet long, opening upon a rear piazza large enough for a cotillion party, and the dining-room is gorgeously magnificent in its appointments. The grounds of all these Broadway houses extend

to the river's edge, and are cultivated in terraces and filled with fruits and flowers. The household servants are chiefly negro slaves, and the manner of living is in strict accord with the aristocratic notions of the age.

The eastern side of Broadway is occupied with a variety of small houses and stores—but looking north from the Bowling Green we see little else save the grand old shade-trees leaning toward each other from both sides of the way almost forming an arch overhead, crowned by the steeples of Trinity and the Wall-street church.

Fort George at the Bowling Green is a special attraction silently assuring us that it can mount sixty cannon on short notice for the defense of the harbor. It contains what foreigners call "the palace of the governor." Sir Henry Moore now resides here, and maintains the same forms in his domestic arrangements that are customary among the men of his class in England. His table is supplied constantly with the choicest dishes, which are served with as much ceremony as under any nobleman's roof. The office of the secretary of the province is near the gate of the fort, and in front of the Bowling Green, on the east, is the residence of Sir Edward Pickering, baronet.

Whitehall street contains numerous dwellings of the better class; this quarter is considered the court end of the town. The home of Hon. David Clarkson is upward of twenty-five years old, and is called by the newspapers "an ornament to the city!" Its works of art, extensive library, costly china, and silver plate are choice importations from Europe. The fine homes in Dock street, the southern part of Queen (later Pearl) street, are quite pretentious in appearance, with deep balconies overlooking the bay. Hugh Wallace, one of the counselors of the governor, lives here, and no one gives better dinners or more popular entertainments. He and his brother Alexander married sisters of Isaac Low, whose house is also here, and the families are on terms of great intimacy. John Adams describes Isaac Low as "a gentleman of fortune, and in trade, whose wife is a beauty." At the corner of Dock and Broad streets is the old Fraunces tavern, now kept by Bolton & Sigell, under the sign of the "Queen's Head," who announce that "gentlemen may depend on receiving the best of usage. Dinners and public entertainments provided at the shortest notice. Breakfasts in readiness from 9 to 11 o'clock. Jellies in the greatest perfection, also rich and plain cake sold by the weight."

Broad street is extremely pleasant, its shade almost as refreshing as that of Broadway, and the most of its houses are large and roomy. The ancient town-house of Robert, third proprietor of Livingston manor, is here. His brother Peter Van Brugh Livingston lives in Princess street,

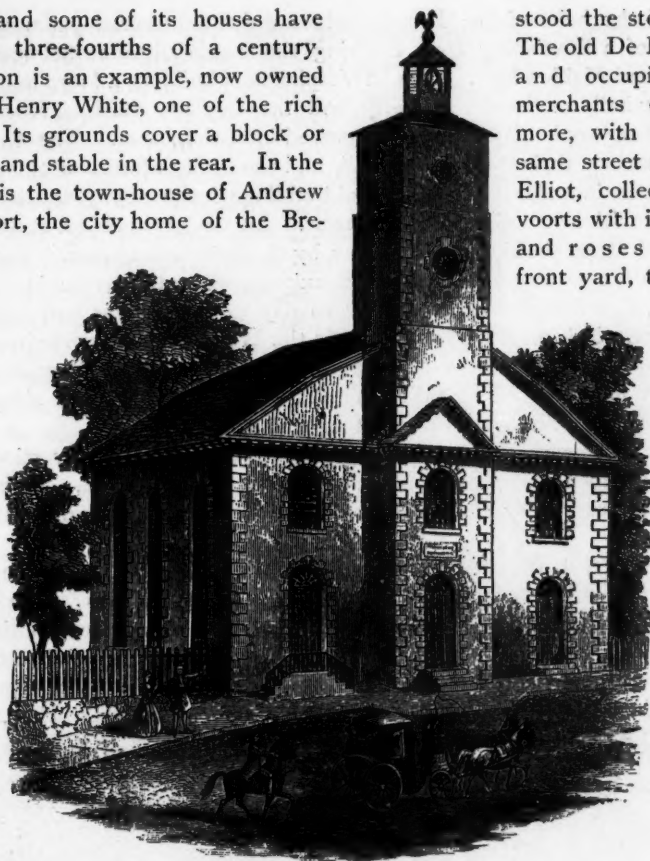
close by; his brother Philip Livingston, whom you do not yet know as the "signer," since there has been nothing remarkable to sign, lives in Duke street, and his daughter, the wife of the young patroon, Stephen Van Rensselaer, is visiting him; another brother, John Livingston, who has married a De Peyster, lives handsomely in Pearl street, and still another brother, William Livingston, a leading lawyer and politician, lives in Pine street. Lord Stirling's home is a great, hospitable-looking mansion in Broad street, alongside the residence of General Gage, commander-in-chief of the army. The wife of Lord Stirling is the sister of these numerous Livingston brothers, and Peter Van Brugh Livingston's wife is Lord Stirling's sister. Robert Cambridge Livingston, whose middle name is adopted as a distinction from having graduated at Cambridge University, England, lives in Dock street, among the grantees; his next-door neighbor is Robert Gilbert Livingston, grandson of Gilbert, second son of the founder of Livingston manor, whose sister Catharine is the wife of John Reade, for whom Reade street is named.

The house of Augustus Van Horne fronts Princess street. The Lawrences and the Ludlows are his neighbors. There are plenty of little stores and workshops everywhere, and the Garden-street church, just out of Broad street, in Garden alley, seems to be trying to look them severely out of countenance for their temerity. When this church was built, seventy-five years ago, it was in the middle of a beautiful garden, laid out with bordered walks and fragrant with many flowers. It is oblong in shape, and on the panes of glass in its windows are the coats of arms of the principal families who have from time to time worshiped within its walls. The tower is so large that the consistory meets in it. Business has crept very near it now, and "cross-cut saws, door locks, Dutch teakettles, brass scales, chamber bellowses, and beer mugs," hang out as signs, totally devoid of reverence.

Hanover square is the principal business centre. Many good families occupy rooms over the stores. On the corner of Sloat lane, in Hanover square, is the very handsome home of Gerard W. Beekman. His brother, James Beekman, has recently built the fine country mansion on the East river, four miles from town. The sister of these Beekmans is the wife of William Walton, who built in 1752 the princely dwelling in Franklin square, at the end of the Queen street road. It is English in design and its walls as substantial as those of modern churches, while its gardens extend to the East river. The lower part of Queen street (before we reach that portion called Dock street) is dotted with elegant-looking mansions and shaded with fine trees. This street was built up much earlier than Broad-

way, and some of its houses have nearly three-fourths of a century. mansion is an example, now owned Hon. Henry White, one of the rich city. Its grounds cover a block or house and stable in the rear. In the away is the town-house of Andrew the port, the city home of the Bre-

stood the storms of The old De Peyster and occupied by merchants of the more, with coach-same street not far Elliot, collector of voorts with its lilies and roses in the front yard, that of



THE GARDEN-STREET CHURCH, BUILT 1693.

the mayor, Whitehead Hicks, who has married the only daughter of John Brevoort, the great square house of Elias Desbrosses, and the unique dwelling with a peaked roof of one of the Van Zandts.

Wall street is just beginning to be considered the choicest place for private residences, and property has taken a bound upward in value. The Marstons have built a large double brick house there, the Van Horns are outdoing them in architectural display, and Charles McEvers lives in a gorgeous new mansion corner of William street—his wife is a Verplanck,

one of the heirs of the Damen estate which a hundred years ago consisted of a flourishing farm covering the whole distance between Wall street and Maiden lane. Samuel Verplanck is building a large house near the city hall, on the old property, and the Cuylers, Startins, Roosevelts, and other people of fashion have moved into the street. The two lofty churches cast their shadows over all, and the lordly officers of the government pass in and out of the capitol building of the colony, investing the locality with great dignity and interest. An unsightly object at the foot of Wall street is hidden from view by the handsome trees. For more than half a century a slave-mart has existed, where the traffic in negroes has been as conspicuous from day to day as the buying and selling of potatoes. It is on record that in 1762 the Wall-street residents heroically complained of this slave-mart as a public nuisance. But the good people never thought of asking that it should be abolished! They simply petitioned for its removal to some other part of the city.

The first newspaper you take up contains the following advertisement: "New negroes; men, women, boys and girls; just imported. To be sold, cheap for cash. By James Sackett, in the main street, near the Fly Market."

Wall street divested of this blemish is irresistibly fascinating. Its signs of promise in 1768 are not remarkable—there is no suggestion of its prospective overleaping its natural limits to plant towns, cities, and railroads in every part of the continent. But it touches the past. We can almost see the brush fence marking its site, built in the previous century to keep the bears and Indians out of the pastures below, where the cattle grazed, and which stood for nine years, until the wooden wall took its place from which the street was named. These reminiscences serve to convince us that the world moves—that nothing stands still. For many decades all there was of the little city of New York lay between this wall and the Battery, and it was during that period that Mr. Houghton, from the platform of the New York Historical Society at one of its late meetings, conducted his audience through the streets of New York on foot, to prove in the most conclusive manner that carriages were then an unnecessary extravagance.

Great changes have indeed occurred. The city has pushed over the wall, leaped its site, and spread fully as far to the north as its extent south of Wall street. From one of the tall steeples you can see its outline to the north marked by four church edifices, standing like ecclesiastical outposts on the frontiers—St. George's chapel, in Beekman street; the New Brick church, first opened at the beginning of 1768, opposite the green, or "in-

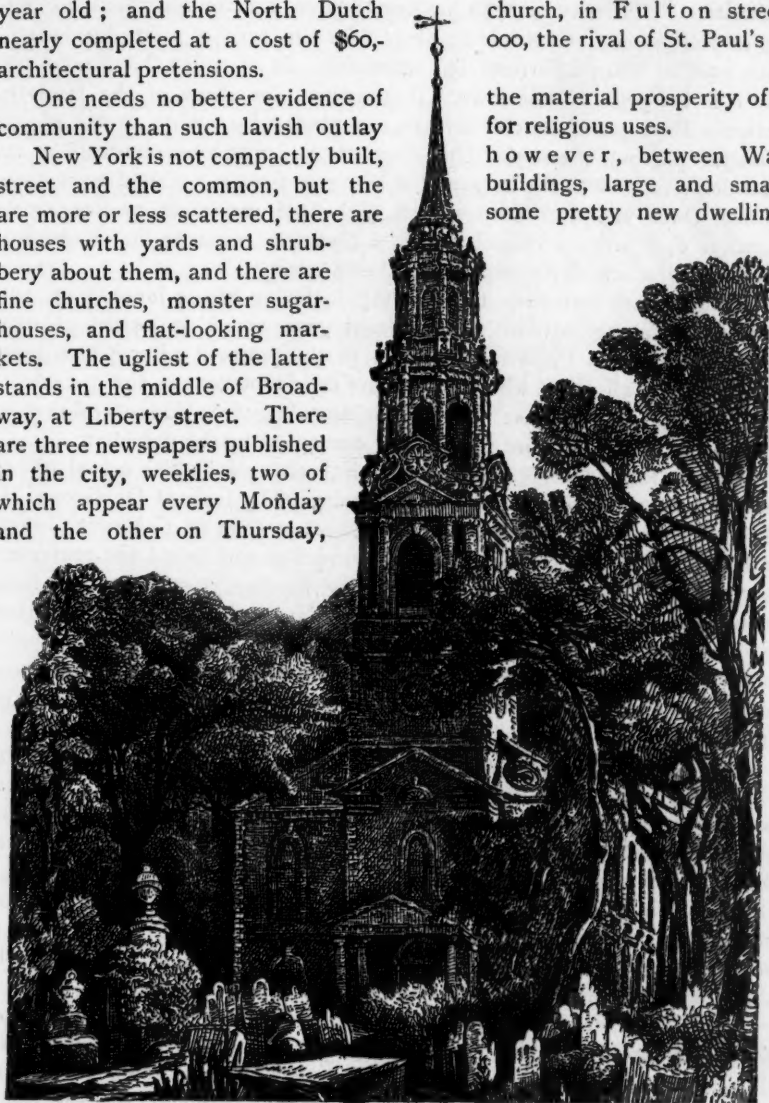
tended common," at Beekman street; St. Paul's chapel, in Broadway, one year old; and the North Dutch church, in Fulton street, nearly completed at a cost of \$60,000, the rival of St. Paul's in architectural pretensions.

One needs no better evidence of community than such lavish outlay

New York is not compactly built, street and the common, but the are more or less scattered, there are houses with yards and shrubbery about them, and there are fine churches, monster sugar-houses, and flat-looking markets. The ugliest of the latter stands in the middle of Broadway, at Liberty street. There are three newspapers published in the city, weeklies, two of which appear every Monday and the other on Thursday,

the material prosperity of a for religious uses.

however, between Wall buildings, large and small, some pretty new dwelling-



THE NORTH DUTCH CHURCH, IN FULTON STREET.

each containing (so they announce) "the *freshest* advices, foreign and domestick." The city of 1768 has one theatre, a little red wooden building in John street, and it has a college "for the study of polite literature." This seat of learning arrests our attention. It is called King's college and it is the pride of the town. It stands on the shore of the Hudson, between Murray and Barclay streets, surrounded by a wide stretch of picturesque pastoral scenery. The structure is only about one-third of its intended size, and, in the language of a contemporary, "is an elegant stone edifice, three complete stories high, with four staircases, twelve apartments in each story, a chapel, a hall, a library, a museum, an anatomical theatre, and a school for experimental philosophy."

A high fence surrounds the building, inclosing also a large court and garden. A porter attends at the front gate, which is locked at nine o'clock at night in the winter and ten in the summer, after which hour the names of all those who come in are duly reported to the president. All students except those of medicine are obliged to lodge and diet in the college unless they are particularly exempted by the president.

The matter of college *diet* becomes interesting with the actual bill of fare in hand, prepared by the college faculty. The learned Dr. George H. Moore has recently published it entire in a brochure on *Columbia College*, and it is appetizing to note that tea or coffee and bread-and-butter are served to the young men every morning for breakfast, that they have roast beef and pudding for dinner on Sundays, corned beef and mutton pye for dinner on Thursdays, and fish on Saturdays, with dishes equally distracting to scholars on the other days of the week. Suppers the year round are of bread-and-butter and possibly cheese—or *the remainder of dinner*.

The pupils of this new college are instructed in mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy, geography, history, chronology, rhetoric, natural law, physic, logic, ethics, metaphysics, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, modern languages, belles-lettres, and whatever else tends to accomplish them as gentlemen. Annexed to the college is a grammar school for the preparation of those who wish to take a full course. The medical department announces in the newspapers a course of anatomical lectures for the current year, the first part exhibiting "the system of Dry Bones." This is probably the first introduction of *dry bones* into a lecture course.

We are just in time to attend the annual commencement exercises of the college on May 17, 1768. It is a legal holiday—business is suspended throughout the city. The morning dawns with fair skies and the atmosphere is cool and beguiling. Handsomely dressed people are out early,

gentlemen in black satin small-clothes, white or yellow embroidered satin vests, and velvet or cloth coats of every color in the rainbow. Their shoes are fastened with gorgeous buckles and their heads crowned with powdered wigs and cocked hats. It is a noteworthy fact to be remembered that gentlemen in going to dinners or the theatre in full dress often carry their hats in their hands in order not to disturb their curls—but they are generally on their heads in the morning. The ladies are ornamental in their attire, but it is an age when they do not surpass the gentlemen. They wear the richest of silks and satins of brightest colors, the court hoop is in vogue, and the hair and the hat rise on the top of the head to a marvelous height.



Myles Cooper

The centre of attraction this morning is St. Paul's chapel, recently finished in the most expensive and ornate manner. It is filled with an intensely fashionable and appreciative audience. The streets along the line of the procession are thronged early. Finally the college gate swings ajar, and the president, the professors, and the students appear, all in their robes, and march solemnly with measured step through Murray street—a mere country road and a trifle dusty—which has a grassy pathway on one side, and turning into Broadway the procession passes down under the row of trees in full leaf to St. Paul's. The young president of the college, Rev. Myles Cooper, looks hardly thirty-three, but that is his exact age. He was sent over from England six years ago to assist the aged Dr. Johnson, first president of the institution, and the following year, Dr. Johnson resigning, he was installed president. He had been chosen by the sagacious and accomplished prelate, Archbishop Secker, who considered him very bright and promising. He had already received the degree of master of arts from Oxford university, in England, where he had won a fine reputation for classical learning. He from the first took a spirited interest in the affairs of the young college, and won the esteem and confidence of the older professors and of the clergy of the city. Before his coming, however, while he was on the ocean, consternation seized the governors of the college with a fatal grip, for the new professor was not only a very young man, but a *bachelor*. Therefore they added this codicil to their code of laws: "Resolved, that no woman, on

any pretext whatever (except a cook), be allowed to reside within the college for the future, and that those who are now there be removed as soon as conveniently may be."

Judging from the portrait of President Cooper which adorns the library of the New York Historical Society, the precaution may not have been overwhelmingly necessary. But if not dangerously handsome, the young president was witty, well-informed, and something of a poet. Before coming to America he had written all sorts of verses—including some very dull stanzas on sacred themes—and printed a volume which he circulated among his friends. He was socially inclined, and an active member of a literary club which mixed up a little literature with a great deal of hilarity.

The graduates at this commencement interest us. Benjamin Moore comes first, a fine-looking youth of twenty, who is to distinguish himself in the years to come as rector of Trinity church, bishop of the diocese, and president of this very college. Gouverneur Morris follows, a tall stripling of sixteen, whose sense of humor combined with perfect self-confidence renders his features a curious study. He has a natural gift for declamation, which in part accounts for his having been chosen to deliver the graduating address for the class. It is entitled "Wit and Beauty," and it wins immense applause, despite its Latinisms and stilted phrases and the fact that no one present suspects him as a possible candidate for future greatness. John Stevens is the next in order; age nineteen; walks erect, with eyes drooping as if in deep thought; he is the son of John Stevens, whose house we have seen in lower Broadway, and is destined to pass into history as one of the great inventors of the age. Gulian Verplanck, of the same age as Stevens, belongs to one of the oldest families in the city, whose ancestral acres north of Wall street have already been mentioned. There are honors in store for him in public affairs. James Ludlow is his chum, a thin, graceful, blue-eyed youth of tranquil manners, who belongs to another family of age and influence, descended from the oldest gentry in Great Britain. One of the Ludlows, Carey, has just bought a lot in State street, fifty-two feet front, extending through to Pearl street in the rear, for which he has paid some \$5,000, and wishing to beautify the locality before building his contemplated mansion, has ordered three hundred trees planted along the street and on the Battery. The oldest member of the class is Peter Van Schaack, something over twenty-one. He is the hero of a pretty romance, having been privately married during his junior year in college to Elizabeth, the beautiful daughter of Henry Cruger, greatly to the annoyance of both

families when the fact became known. There was no objection to the young man, who possessed elements that were to develop him into a successful lawyer; and the wrath that was kindled finally burned out, and the bridal pair obtained full pardon. Charles Doughty, a promising scholar, and John Beardsley, who is preparing for the ministry, complete the list. Beardsley receives the degree of M.A., as do two of the graduates of 1765—Egbert Benson, the first president of the New York Historical Society, and Robert R. Livingston, the future chancellor.

The degree of M.D. is conferred by the president on the professors of medicine in the college—Peter Middleton one of the famous physicians of his generation, Samuel Clossy, John Jones, who won celebrity as a surgeon in the French war and will figure later on as the physician of Washington, and Samuel Bard who, fresh from the study of medicine in Europe, in 1767 founded this school of medicine. In these modest beginnings there is no possible forecast of what will be said in 1890, that "more men are studying medicine and the hundred sciences in New York than in any other two cities of our country combined." Two elegant silver medals are brought in and publicly presented to Benjamin Moore and Gouverneur Morris by the literary society.

When the exercises in the church are concluded the scene changes. The homes of the families and friends of the graduates are enlivened with dinner-parties, and the walls echo to the music of sweet song and merry laughter. Dinner-giving is one of the fine arts of this period, and a popular form of entertainment in New York. Guests are bidden with discriminating care; there is no mixing of classes. The old families who for more than a century have furnished the colony with military, social, and political leaders, and who are conscious that they are of the best blood of Europe, form a proud, polished, and powerful aristocracy. There are stupendous feuds existing among them, generally between relatives, inherited and fostered, and there are fierce rivalries in politics and religion; but everybody knows who is who. Democratic theories are prevalent and singularly contagious; but even these are discussed with the greatest vehemence in the midst of the most lavish display—at dinner-tables spread with the choicest viands, where costly wines flow free and fast, and where the etiquette of foreign courts is copied more nicely than we are wont to suppose. Some of these New York banquets present the most effective groupings of brilliant people that any country (in 1768) affords. Nearly all the clerical characters of the time are men of profound learning, and mingle with the dignity, youth, and beauty of the colonial capital at official and private dinners and at social parties.

But private life has not yet become public property. Society reporters do not stand at the doors trying to catch bits of table-talk, or a new style of dressing the hair, with which to fill their next day's column in the newspaper. You may accept the most delightful hospitalities, meet possibly the scion of some royal family from over the water, and always men of genius and science, statesmen and heroes, with ladies gifted and beautiful, and never find the least mention of it in the next issue of either of the three flourishing weekly newspapers of the city! But in the small corner of one of them, devoted to the "*freshest domestick news*" for the entire week, we discover this item: "Last Wednesday evening one Barnaby Gantz, tavern-keeper in this city, aged upwards of 60, in going to draw a mug of cyder in his cellar, unhappily fell down stairs and dashed his brains out."

Public festivities are chronicled in the newspapers of 1768, especially where there is dancing, although not in any detail. The following mentions illustrate the custom of the times: "Samuel Fraunces has opened the Vauxhall gardens where tea, coffee, mead, and cake, are furnished for guests; he has also a collection of wax-figures, ten in number, to be seen at the cost of 4 shillings for each person." "At the Ranelagh gardens (at the end of Broadway above Reade street) during the summer is given a concert of vocal and instrumental music. The vocal parts by Mr. Woolls and Miss Wainwright (of John's street theatre). Fire works under the direction of two Italians. This entertainment to be given every Monday and Thursday evenings during the season."

As *Domestick News* we also find chronicled an exhibition by Abraham Van Dyck, at his house in Broadway (site of the Astor House), "where may be seen a beautiful animal just arrived, called the Leopard; he is adorned with very neat and different spots, black and white, has large sparkling eyes, and long whiskers on both sides of his jaws." Van Dyck is evidently a showman, for he advertises other animals to be exhibited at same time, and soon after describes a cow, "six feet high and eleven feet long," which can be seen at his place. He assures the public there is no danger from the leopard, "as he is well secured with a chain." But from his silence on the subject it is presumed he expects no one will be afraid of a cow, even of such marvelous dimensions. This is probably "the greatest show on earth"—in 1768.

The dancing assembly is advertised to begin in November at Burns', meaning the city hotel in Broadway, "and is to be continued once a fortnight during the season." It is what the people call "a polite affair," the managers being well-known society men; their names are Thomas Walton,

Gabriel H. Ludlow, and John Reade. The news-carrier takes the lead in versification. We cannot forbear giving one example :

" This day is arrived, on the pinions of time,
And brings you my annual present of rhyme,
A present which no other value pretends
But to show my respect to my patron and friends."

While such items furnish an insignificant view of matters about town, there is no current publication that gives the slightest clew to what is going



THE METHODIST PREACHING-HOUSE IN JOHN STREET, BUILT 1768.*

on within the stately homes. Records of real life—which is not mere lapse of years, spiced with quarrels and mixed with trade—can only be found in family and other correspondence, in documents that possess the illuminating properties of electric lamps, and in out-of-the-way places not easily accessible. The newspaper advertisements reveal what is in the market in the way of furniture and dry goods; at nearly every auction sale there appears to be "mahogany chairs, tables, sconces and dressing-glasses; and a variety of curious china and fashionable plate." Not infrequently choice

* Copied by permission from the picture in *Lost Chapters Recovered from the Early History of Methodism*, published by Wilbur B. Ketcham.

pictures and elegant books are announced, or a complete table service in silver. The importations of the merchants, elaborately chronicled, show what kinds of stuffs are used for wearing apparel. The brightest of colors take the lead. Satins are brocaded in bunches of silver and gold flowers in large patterns, and the costliest laces are displayed. One order sent to England by a lady living in Whitehall street is for "twenty-four yards of bright blue satin, and a fashionable winter cloak of crimson satin." A jeweler advertises "watches, trinkets, mettle buttons and buckles of various kinds, and a good assortment of womens' black and white satten and brocade shoes, and velvet and silk clogs." And to confirm the actual coming in of the quaint fashion of colored shoes, a young lady writes of having received the gift of two pairs of shoes from a friend in Europe, "one of which is of dark maroon, embroidered with gold, the other white embroidered with pink." A London hair-dresser and peruke-maker announces that he is "master of the new mode, lately invented in London, of making wigs that shall not need dressing for six months." The ladies are less fortunate, as their own hair is wrought into the complicated wiggish structure in some mysterious way. One letter written by a New York belle recites her experiences in trying to keep her hair dressed for three weeks, for two occasions of importance that distance of time apart, and there is nothing more amusing in the language than her account of how she obtained her sleep in an arm-chair.

The famous British officer, Col. Henry Boquet, visited New York in 1765, three years before ourselves, and writes to a friend: "Married ladies in New York go constantly to the Assembly, and the girls don't Cherokee their hair. Therefore there are more manners and better taste in New York than at Philadelphia. The men drink better wine in general, and never make you drink more than you chuse—by which indiscreet behavior many get themselves drunk. For the wine is strong and some heads very weak. Upon the whole New York is the best town."

Next to the great memorial lords in importance are the leading merchants of New York. Representatives of the landed gentry are in numerous instances enrolled among the latter. We can see how an element of mercantile strength opens every avenue of thrift and paves the way for the supply of every human want. Men are developed and made better by taking their lots and places in the tasks, enterprises, temptations, and vicissitudes of life, working their way, not only that civilization may be extended and Christianity strengthened, but that they themselves may represent a more perfect type of manhood. It is interesting to trace the movements of the merchants in this "golden age," this "noon of colonial

empire," and note the formation of the first mercantile society in America. Its object is for "encouraging commerce, supporting industry, adjusting disputes relative to trade and navigation, and procuring such laws and regulations as may be found necessary for the benefit of trade in general." Twenty-four merchants meet on the 5th of April, 1768, in the long room of Fraunces tavern, in Broad street, and organize the Chamber of Commerce. Let us pause a moment to see what these shrewd, daring, prosperous men are like.

John Cruger, recently mayor of the city, is here, and is chosen first president of the chamber. He belongs to a family of energetic and successful merchants, and with his brother, Henry Cruger, sends a line of vessels on regular trips to England and the West Indies, the firm owning the vessels. He is a man of fine presence and courtly manners, is public-spirited, has served in the legislature, been honored with the speakership, and commands universal respect and confidence. Hugh Wallace, whose house we passed in Dock street, is made the first vice-president of the chamber. Elias Desbrosses is chosen treasurer; he is a very rich man of fifty, a vestryman of Trinity church, exceedingly religious, and a donor to every beneficent enterprise. The secretary is Anthony Van Dam, whose grandfather, Rip Van Dam, was president of the king's council, and in 1731 acting governor of New York. The new secretary is very precise in his handwriting, and keeps the records in admirable style. It is said that in his engrossing he uses but one pen in a year. James Jauncey is one of the foremost figures in the active business life of the city; is said to have been largely interested in privateering ventures during the French war. He has accumulated a large property, and lives at a beautiful country-seat on the west shore of the Hudson (a little below Riverside Park). He mixes in politics and has just been elected to the assembly, after a bitter struggle. Personally he is very generous and benevolent. William and Jacob Walton are younger men, the nephews of William Walton, the counselor, who died in the early part of this year. They are in partnership in business, and send their own ships to the South American ports, to the West Indies, and to Spain. The wife of William Walton is the daughter of Lieutenant-Governor de Lancey, and the wife of Jacob Walton is the daughter of Henry Cruger.

The merchant present who is the head of a commercial house that owns more shipping than any other in America is Robert Murray, the Quaker, and he is an exceptionally interesting character. He has a city residence in Queen street, but he also has a country-seat at "Inclenberg," otherwise Murray Hill, which he has brought into notice through the extensive gar-

dens and grounds he has beautified about his roomy and comfortable house. His farm thereabouts covers many acres, and a fine corn-field flourishes on the site of the coming Grand Central depot. His son, Lindley Murray, is twenty-three, and is taking his first lessons in the practice of law. George Folliot is an extensive importer, as is also Walter Franklin, supposed to be the richest merchant in New York at this time; he is said to have as much money in Russia as in America. His name will be handed down to posterity as having built a great mansion near the Walton house, in Cherry street, fit for a king, or, what may yet be considered of more consequence, fit for the *first President* of a monster Republic. Samuel Verplanck is a wholesale importing merchant, and in a small way a banker, residing in Wall street. Theophylact Bache is young, only thirty-four, but he has acquired wealth and influence and married into the opulent Barclay family, which adds materially to his importance. His brother, Richard Bache, has within a year married Sarah, the only daughter of Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

Thomas White is a large importer of European and East India goods, has a family devoted to fashion, and resides in Wall street. So far as we know he is not related to Henry White, who is also one of the illustrious twenty-four. The latter does an extensive business with foreign countries, and is a man of mark; he succeeds William Walton by appointment of the crown as member of the governor's council. His wife is Eve Van Cortlandt, who inherits a large estate in her own right. Miles Sherbrooke is conducting a foreign trade, and lives in Whitehall street; William Waddell is connected with the great shipping house of Greg, Cunningham & Co.; Acheson Thompson sends vessels and cargoes to Ireland and imports Irish beef and linens; Lawrence Kortwright is a great land-holder in Tryon County and actively engaged in shipping, owning the whole or part of no less than seven large vessels. Thomas Randall is a famous sea-captain and the joint owner of several ships. He is a well-educated, stirring man, taking a prominent part in public affairs, and lives handsomely in Whitehall street. William McAdam is in business near the new Dutch church. James McEvers imports European and India goods in large quantities, and his store is in Hanover square. He is the stamp distributor appointed in England, after the passage of the odious Stamp Act in 1765, and many a tale is told of what an uneasy time he had of it prior to his resignation of the unwelcome office. Isaac Low carries on a lucrative business in the importation of dry goods. He is at this time an attractive, well-read man of thirty-six, and highly esteemed in the community. His marriage to the daughter of Cornelius Cuyler, mayor of Albany, has brought him into

connection with the Schuylers, Van Cortlandts, and other notables of the colony. The remaining two of the group of merchants who founded the chamber are Philip Livingston and John Alsop. Livingston was graduated from Yale in 1737 and is an earnest, progressive citizen. At present he is speaker of the assembly. John Alsop was educated for mercantile life in the counting-house of Livingston, struck out early in business for himself as an importer, and has accumulated a handsome fortune. (His only daughter married the statesman Rufus King, the grandfather of John A. King, the honored president of the New York Historical Society.)

It would be pleasant to tarry longer and attend some of the early meetings of the chamber, if space permitted. Practical questions come up, such as the establishment of a paper currency in the city and fixing the price of flour. New members come in promptly, among them Robert Watts, the son of the counselor; John Harris Cruger, the son of Henry Cruger, who is doing business under his own name, and has recently married the daughter of Oliver de Lancey; Thomas Marston, prominent in social affairs, whose wife is the daughter of Leonard Lisenard; Charles McEvers, whose new house in Wall street has already attracted us; Lewis Pintard, the influential shipping merchant; Jacobus Van Zandt, a wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods; Gerard W. Beekman, of Hanover square; Peter Ketletas, of whom it is said "he enjoys the singular faculty of living unsuspected of an unworthy action;" Gabriel H. Ludlow, Nicholas Gouverneur, Levinus Clarkson, Richard Yates, Peter Remsen, William Seton, Edward Laight, John Reade, and Thomas Buchanan, all of sterling character, destined to accelerate the wheels of progress.

But we must pass on. The brief glimpse serves as a reminder of the sentiment that whatever is strong, noble, just, and possible, whether it is the pursuit of wealth, art, learning, or fame, is good for the world through the unfolding of individual character and the consequent uplifting of society. It is said, and sometimes with a *shrug*, that the metropolis was founded by traders, that every man kept a store, and that in its present proportions it is only an outgrowth of commerce. We stand perpetually accused of being a money-making and a dollar-seeking people. But we have no occasion to feel reproached, even if it were true. The contents of well-filled purses certainly encourage trade, having a similar effect to that of rain upon growing crops. The same wise Power which gathers the mists, loosens the rain-clouds and distributes the drops. The mercantile impetus given to New York through the tireless activity and remarkable energy of the men who accumulated private fortunes prior to the introduction of modern business facilities, furnishes its own lesson, and never

was there a better school for bringing into full play the varied powers of which men's natures are compounded. We shall ever have the satisfaction of knowing that our money-making citizens through every decade since we were a little fur-station, have been second to none in generous impulse, in catholic charity, in Christian progress, and in public spirit. We have seen churches built, we have seen schools and colleges established, we have seen asylums endowed, we have seen hospitals and homes provided for the helpless, and we have seen the current of liberal giving flow beyond our own limits in mighty rivers through every habitable portion of our vast continent. All honor to the early merchants of New York who first gave the wheel a vigorous turn!

The government of the colony next captures and holds us. In form it is republican, although it has an aristocratic background. The house of representatives is elected by the people, but the council of twelve members, known as "His Majesty's Council for the Province of New York," receives its appointment directly from the crown. The governor and the lieutenant-governor are also of the king's own selection. We hear much said about the "people," and their ruling must be invested with force, as the men placed in power by the popular voice long since organized themselves into a very stiff and unmanageable body.

Both the upper and the lower houses meet in the city hall, in Wall street, which the clever De Burnaby says "makes no great figure, although it is soon to be repaired." The edifice is as old as the century, and we might recite a volume of curious happenings under its roof (*very close to which* is the debtors' prison). The structure stands on brick arches over the sidewalks, under which pedestrians pass from street to street. It contains the public library, much visited by scholars and writers, and the court-rooms, where (ever since the year 1700) the sessions are held of the supreme court, the admiralty court, and the mayor's court. We first visit the council-chamber of the colony, and find the chief justice, Daniel Horsmanden, presiding. Next to him in the council, in point of age and consequence, is the accomplished, witty, and sarcastic John Watts. The other gentlemen gathered about the oval table are Oliver de Lancey and Charles W. Apthorpe, whose handsome estates on the Hudson, at Bloomingdale, otherwise *Riverside Park*, are side by side, embracing an immense number of acres, with dwellings constructed after the style of the country-houses of the gentry in England; Roger Morris, whose grand old home on Harlem Heights has for ten years been the social centre of the aristocracy; Wm. Smith, Jr., and Henry Cruger. They are all men of note, born to opulence and high social position, and are self-poised and magisterial.

The lieutenant-governor is Cadwallader Colden, a physician and writer of immense erudition, now eighty years old. He does not attend any of these meetings except when acting governor, which however happens very frequently. The present royal governor sent over by the king, Sir Henry Moore, has been in New York about three years. He enters the council-chamber ere we depart; the president of the council rises and vacates the chair, which the governor takes and presides. His first act is to send a message to the assembly requesting its immediate presence in the council-chamber; and presently the legislators of the province file in and take the seats reserved for them on such occasions.

The speaker of the assembly is Philip Livingston, to whom you have already been introduced. Among the members—twenty-seven in all—are James de Lancey, son of Lieutenant-Governor de Lancey; Jacob Walton and James Jauncey, mentioned in connection with the Chamber of Commerce; Frederick Philipse, the third and last proprietor of the manor, a man of scholarly and quiet tastes, who has never been worried with any of the pesterments attending the accumulation of property—but spends money like a prince, living in a style of magnificence exceeding all his predecessors; Leonard Lispenard, a large importing merchant and landholder; Pierre Van Cortlandt, the third proprietor of Van Cortlandt Manor; Philip Schuyler, now thirty-five years of age; George Clinton, only twenty-nine, and others who are likely to be heard from in the natural course of coming events. There is much courtly ceremony, and then “his Excellency Sir Henry Moore, baronet, captain-general and governor-in-chief of the province” (our hosts will not forgive us if we omit or abbreviate titles), is pleased in presence of the two houses to give his assent to five bills, two of which run as follows: “An act to ascertain the size of casks in which white bread shall be packed within the city of New York, and to regulate the manner in which the same shall be sold;” and “An act to empower Sir William Baker Knight and Robert Charles Esq, to pay for the statues of His Majesty George III and of the Right Honorable William Pitt Esqr now Lord Chatham, and also for a piece of plate to be presented to John Sargent Esq.” The statue of the king is to be erected on the Bowling Green in front of the fort, and that of Mr. Pitt in Wall street; the bill to achieve this tribute of respect to the two worthies has been zig-zagging from one chamber to the other, and has occupied (comparatively) as much time and momentous consideration as any rapid-transit bill of later generations.

We shall find the court-room none the less interesting, and even more imposing, for aside from their much-bewigged heads, the chief-justice and

judges are attired in robes of scarlet faced with black velvet. There is no custom of British or French origin that is allowed to languish in Dutch New York for want of adoption.

From the council-chamber to the court-room is such a brief step that we are reminded of the fact that ours is and always has been a government controlled by lawyers. It was the courts and not the commons that warned Charles I. that taxation without representation might cost him his head. The lawyers of 1768 are engaged in animated disagreements with one another, and even King George might say, as did one of his kingly predecessors, "When one side speaks the case is clear, but when the other closes, upon my soul I cannot tell which is right."

We shall not have time to stop here and try a case, but we meet some very bright and learned expounders and defenders of the law. John Morin Scott, for instance, whom John Adams characterizes as "a sensible man and one of the readiest speakers on the continent, but not very polite." He has a charming country-place three miles out of town, at Greenwich on the Hudson. James Duane, a rising young lawyer, not yet forty, whose wife is the daughter of Robert, third lord of Livingston manor, dwells in a delightful country mansion surrounded by gardens and trees on the Bowery road (at Gramercy Park). Among the Livingston brothers, uncles of Mrs. Duane, who are in public life, William is the legal luminary, now a man of forty-five and gifted with a measure of fearlessness, wit, and satire greatly beyond any of his associates. James de Lancey is an educated lawyer, residing in the stately three-story brick mansion-house built by his father at the east of the Bowery road, a little above the Canal-street ditch. This is one of the show places of 1768, is approached through a semicircular gateway, with dense trees forming an artistic arch over the entire entrance drive, and its gardens in the rear are not surpassed in extent or cultivation by any on the island. De Lancey's brother-in-law, Thomas Jones, now thirty-seven years of age, has been practising successfully in the New York courts for upward of a decade; while his father, Judge David Jones, has served with reputation on the bench of the Supreme Court for many years. Judge Robert R. Livingston and Judge Chambers stand high as jurists; Benjamin Pratt, who has had something of a judicial career in Boston, has been chief-justice; George D. Ludlow is an able lawyer; there are two William Smiths, father and son, prominent on the bench and at the bar; Richard Morris is considered very brilliant by the profession; and of deserved eminence are Goldsboro Banyer and Benjamin Kissam. In the office of Kissam, young John Jay, now twenty-three, is taking his early lessons in practi-

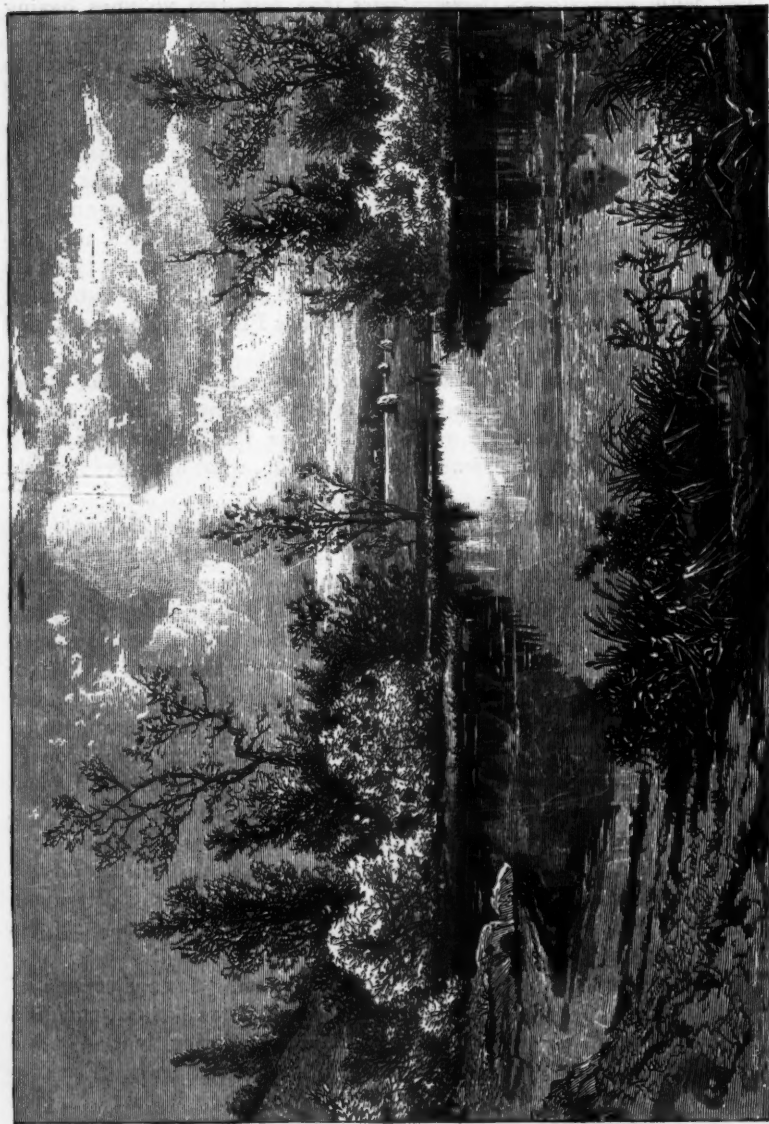
cal law with Blackstone's *Commentaries* (the first two volumes having already reached America) constantly within reach.

We must not leave the old building until we have paid our respects to the corporation. Whitehead Hicks appears to fill the exalted office of mayor acceptably. He is polished and agreeable in his manners, of gay, cheerful disposition, and extremely fond of society. He is a good lawyer, having been regularly bred to the profession, finishing his studies in the office of Judge William Smith, in same class as William Livingston and William Smith, Jr., and presides over the mayor's court with tact and discretion. The recorder is Simeon Johnson; the city treasurer, Isaac de Peyster; and among the aldermen are such solid men as Elias Desbrosses, Abraham P. Lott, Cornelius Roosevelt, Francis Filkin, John Abeel, and Peter T. Curtenius.

One feels much governed in such an atmosphere, but on the street again we forget the power behind us and study the people. If the race of lawyers which seems so noble and promising in this golden age would only agree to travel on the same line of opinion, what a peaceful world would result!

The population of the city is a practical fusion of many elements and nationalities; it is thought there are more languages spoken here than in any other place of its size in the world. Dr. Burnaby says: "The people resemble the Pennsylvanians; they are habitually frugal, industrious, and parsimonious. Being, however, of different nations, different languages, and different religions, it is almost impossible to give them any precise or determinate character. The women are handsome and agreeable but rather more reserved than the Philadelphia ladies. Their amusements are much the same as in Pennsylvania, viz.: balls and sleighing expeditions in the winter, and in the summer going in parties upon the water and fishing, or making excursions into the country. There are several houses pleasantly situated upon the East river near New York, where it is common to have turtle feasts. These happen once or twice a week; thirty or forty gentlemen and ladies meet and dine together, drink tea in the afternoon, and then return home in Italian chaises (a fashionable conveyance), a gentleman and lady in each chaise."

We are not so fortunate as Dr. Burnaby in being invited to one of these reunions, but we can drive into the country as well as he, and find much to interest us. A large part of the island is under cultivation in one way or another. There are many choice farms scattered over it. The contrast since a hundred years before is marvelous. Then it was a tangled wild; now a smiling landscape. Then the wolves howled at night, and



THE GREAT SMOOTH, SPARKLING LAKE OF FRESH WATER, AT ABOUT CENTRE STREET, IN 1768.

Indians dodged in and out among the bushes; now the farmer plows his fields and gathers his buckwheat in safety, and suburban homes are planted at intervals all the way from the Brick church at Beekman street to the Harlem river. Every prospect indicates prosperity. No one at this time, however, expects the city is to take an early leap into the country. They say it will never probably stretch its limits half a mile further north. It is very well as it is.

Our slow coach is on a simple country road immediately after passing the Brick church, and the first object of special notice is a great smooth, sparkling lake of fresh water, covering an area of more than two blocks of space and said to be sixty feet deep! The land about it on every side except the southwestern is low and swampy, variegated with wild grass and weeds, and singularly suggestive of malaria. A sluggish stream of water connects the lake with the Hudson river, and we learn that along the line of this ditch, as it is called, the Lutheran church was not long ago offered six acres of land as a gift, and after mature deliberation the trustees reported that it was "*inexpedient to accept the land, since it was not worth fencing in.*"

As we proceed we quickly come to higher ground. On the line of this Bowery road small farm-houses and wayside inns are not infrequent. Near the line of the ditch or canal is a huge windmill, its yard extending through to the road on which we are traveling. To the right of us are several fine country-seats, that of Mr. Jones, called "Mount Pitt," of Henry Rutgers below it, and those of Mr. Byvant, Mr. Ackland, and Mr. Degrushe, all examples of an excellent character of domestic architecture. We reach the villa of De Lancey, and turn into an imposing drive-way to the west of it to visit the home of Col. Nicholas Bayard, which occupies a commanding eminence in that locality. The southern view from his porch embraces a picturesque valley with water flowing through it into both rivers, corn-fields and mowing-lots further on, and beyond all the smoke and spires of the far-away city, while to the southwest is plainly visible the handsome country-seat of Leonard Lispenard; in the distance, on either side the great rivers and the shores and the heights beyond them complete as fair an outlook as can be found in the world.

Hastening back to the Bowery road, we soon come to the seat of Mr. Dykman, and the next place of consequence is the seat of Mr. Herrin; on the right toward the East river, reached by a shady avenue, is the hip-roofed mansion with a lofty portico of Nicholas William Stuyvesant. A little to the north of this is the seat of Gerardus Stuyvesant; and to the west of the Bowery road, close by, is the famous estate of Andrew Elliot,

the collector, whose daughter is the wife of James Jauncey, Jr. Elliot has fashioned his house after an old French *château*, and its geography is most bewildering. It is notable for its great number of apartments, its odd-looking turrets and queer gables, and it is painted in æsthetic yellow. This house stood on the site of Denning's dry goods store, between Ninth and Tenth streets, fronting the Bowery road, and when Broadway was cut through it clipped off its rear porch.

Near the bank of the East river is the seat of Petrus Stuyvesant, the approach to which from the Bowery road is a long, straight, shady drive. The next handsome place is that of Mr. Tiebout, just to the north of which is that of James Duane. Counselor John Watts has a fine large estate to the right a little further on, called "Rose Hill;" near that is the seat of Mr. Ketteltas. Friend Robert Murray, at Inclenberg, will no doubt extend hospitalities to us; and we must not fail to visit the ancient and historic Kip house, and the elegant seat of the Beekmans.

We hoped to cross to the west side of the island and inspect its progress in settlement, but the cross-road is sandy and our horses are tired. From the Roger Morris place to the town, the seats of wealthy men and highly cultivated farms are scattered at intervals along the shore of the Hudson. Gen. John Maunsell, B.A., a British officer of note, has just built a house on his property adjoining that of Roger Morris, and John Watkins, whose wife is Mrs. Maunsell's sister, has bought a large estate near by, stretching across the entire heights, and built a very commodious dwelling-house of stone. Of Bloomingdale and thereabouts we have hitherto obtained glimpses that must suffice, for the sun is in the west and to-morrow is the Sabbath.

Among the noteworthy features of New York in 1768 are its legal holidays. No further legislation is necessary in that direction; nor do we hear of any strikes or eight-hour movements. It is interesting to note that the custom-house and public offices are closed by direction of the British authorities on New Year's Day, the Queen's birthday, anniversary of King Charles' martyrdom, Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, Lady Day, Good Friday, Easter Monday and Tuesday, Ascension Day, St. George's Day, King Charles' Restoration, the King's birthday, Whitsun Monday and Tuesday, Prince of Wales' birthday, King George 1st and 2d landed in Great Britain, Coronation Day, All Saints, Gunpowder Plot, Christmas Day, and three Christmas holidays following. Added to these are the provincial days—General Fast, Thanksgiving, General Election, and Commencement of the College—twenty-seven holidays in one year! We witness the proceedings of one of them on June 4, 1768—the celebration of the

king's birthday, who enters his thirty-first year. The newspaper says the day was opened with "great solemnity," and Governor Sir Henry Moore being in Albany, General Gage acted as master of ceremonies. He with the members of the council, the mayor, and the corporation assemble at Fort George, "where his majesty's and many other loyal healths are drunk, under the discharge of a royal salute from the fort, which is immediately answered by three volleys from the regular soldiers, drawn up in order on the Bowling Green, and there they are reviewed by the general, making a very handsome appearance. An elegant entertainment is given by General Gage to the gentlemen of the army and of this city. In the evening a number of lamps are disposed in such a manner over the gate of the fort as to represent the letters G. R., and before the door of General Gage, at his house in Broad street, is exhibited by lamps properly placed an elegant appearance of the royal arms." The papers further chronicle a "general illumination throughout the whole city, and every demonstration of joy shown by all ranks."

The day, however, which does not appear in this list, but which is the most notable of all the New York holidays of the period, is the Sabbath day. The stillness of the morning is not easily painted into our picture. The city is absolutely quiet. Even the milkmen and the venders of drinking-water announce themselves in hushed voices at the kitchen doors. People breakfast at their pleasure, and appear at the table in their holiday clothes.

Among the very earliest laws of the Dutch who first settled New York were rigid regulations concerning the observance of the Sabbath. It was esteemed the duty of government to protect it. As a means of social, moral, and physical health, as a measure of industrial economy, if there had been no Sabbath, the ordination of one would have come directly within the scope of legislation. The English customs were none the less exacting, and when the two nations were represented together on this soil, their views on the subject were practically the same, and were sustained by the habits and feelings of the great mass of the population. Thus we have the spectacle of an almost unparalleled growth of houses of worship in comparison to the population, and these churches are not only here, but are well sustained.

Everybody goes to church. With a rapturous peal from the church-bells at the stated hour, the houses pour forth their occupants. The costly bound Bibles and prayer-books that are carried reveal their destination. The streets present a medley of dazzling colors—and catching views of glittering shoe-buckles, ruffled shirt-fronts, and red, blue, and

yellow silks and satins, pleasing to the eye, we mentally wish the style of dress would never change. Carriages emblazoned with coats-of-arms bring the people into the city from the country-seats we visited yesterday: and as the throngs move through the portals of the various churches the streets are deserted, and silence again reigns. There is nothing around or about to disturb the devotional spirit. No steamships arrive on a Sunday morning to send their baggage-wagons clattering through Broadway. Who ever heard of such a machine as a *steamship*? No railroad trains come in on every possible side of the city, distributing flocks of passengers with grip-sacks to flood the hotels and lodging-houses, and clamor for breakfast just at church-time; no excursion trains are about to start, with fathers and mothers and little children running for their lives to catch them. There are no such wondrous things as *trains* extant. Neither do the mails pour in from the entire civilized world to disturb tranquil thinking on a Sunday forenoon—and there are no Sunday newspapers.

Let us go to church with the *people* and study them—the churches and the people—at our leisure. Naturally we look first into Trinity, the inside of which is ornamented beyond that of any other in the city. The head of the chancel is adorned with an altar-piece, and opposite, at the other end of the building, is a superb organ made in England. The tops of the pillars which support the galleries are decked with the gilt busts of winged angels. From the ceilings are suspended glass branches of great beauty, and on the walls are the escutcheons of Governor Fletcher and other benefactors of the church. The furniture of the communion table, desk, and pulpit is of the richest and costliest quality. Three full sets of communion plate have been presented successively by William and Mary, Queen Anne, and one of the Georges, each inscribed with the donor's initials and the royal arms. In the pulpit is the Rev. Dr. Samuel Auchmuty, descended from an ancient baronial family of Scotland, and his assistant is the Rev. Charles Inglis, both men of great learning. St. Paul's we visited commencement day; and St. George chapel is too far away for us, this morning, to walk up its aisles flagged with gray stone and comment upon its unique and appropriate decorations. But we learn it is filled with devout worshipers.

Of the three Dutch churches we choose the one in Nassau street, with its pretty portico and painted picket-fence, and step in to hear the Rev. Dr. Laidlie preach republican philosophy under a ponderous sounding-board to a large and intelligent congregation, in the English language (a recent innovation), while the good fathers of the church still persist in offering up their prayers in Dutch. The beautiful North Dutch church

in Fulton street is to have for its pastor Rev. Dr. John Henry Livingston, a graduate of Yale, who has been to Holland to study theology. He is only twenty-six, of singular personal beauty, tall, athletic, and a proficient in manly exercises.

We go to the Wall Street Presbyterian church, which is overcrowded, and are fortunate in finding the Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon in the pulpit, who has been sent across the Atlantic to take charge of Princeton college. He is fresh from the discussions of liberty in matters of religious faith and practice in the Old World, is learned, versatile, and brilliant, and a great friend of Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, the pastor of the church, whom we shall find this morning at the new Brick church. Dr. Rodgers is a decidedly progressive divine, and has abolished the old custom of opening Sabbath services from the clerk's desk. He is fixed in habits of austere industry, never loses a moment of time, and is fond of scholastic theology and of political discussion. We are surprised to find this new church, so recently opened, also crowded, and are told that when the edifice was completed the first of the year, all the pews were taken at the first sale.

The new Scotch Presbyterian church in Cedar street, near Broadway, although just opened, is as well filled as the others. It is an offshoot from the Wall Street Presbyterian through a disagreement concerning a system of church psalmody. Its pastor is the Rev. Dr. John Mason, a young divine of thirty-four, from Scotland, who captivates all who come within sound of his voice. The Baptists are few in number, but they have a little church eight years old in Gold street, near John; their pastor is Rev. John Gano, young and energetic, the grandson of Stephen Gano, the Huguenot who settled in New Rochelle. The Methodists are just coming into notice, and their modest "preaching house" in John street is opened for worship this year, the Rev. Philip Embury preaching the first sermon within its walls. The Moravians have a church in Fulton street, near William, a little frame building about seventeen years of age, and its pastor is the Rev. G. Neiser. The Quakers have a small church structure, built nearly seventy years ago, in Little Green street, just south of Maiden lane, and we observe that their congregation includes some of the rich and well-to-do citizens. But they will call churches "steeple houses," and say they *have none*—their place of worship is a meeting-house. At the Jewish synagogue in Mill street, the Rabbi in his splendid robes of office, the men in bright silk scarfs, and the whole congregation chanting aloud in Hebrew, with the Holy Light burning before the altar, will produce lasting remembrances. In the Lutheran church, just below Trinity, one half of the services are performed in German and the other half in Low

Dutch. This is owing to there being more Hollanders than Germans belonging to the congregation. Martin Luther's followers have long since found this place of worship too small, and last year (1767) they erected a little church edifice in the swamp, corner of William and Frankfort streets, the land being almost worthless in that locality; and their services are held in the German language exclusively. This sanctuary is called the "Swamp church." There are Germans here who are not Lutherans, but Calvinists, and they also have a church, a new building in Nassau street, near Maiden lane, two years of age, with Rev. Dr. Johan Michael Kern as pastor. The services are conducted in the Dutch language, which, says an Englishman who does not understand it, "sounds lofty, majestic, and emphatical." One of the most unique church edifices in the city is the French Huguenot church in Pine street, sixty-four years old, the lot extending from Pine to Cedar, and about seventy-five feet front. It is of stone, plastered on the outside, and in its quaint steeple is a musical bell which plays all manner of discords with the ancient bell in the belfry of the neighborly Dutch church. Its congregation includes some of the best-known families in the city, distinguished alike for their social influence and religious fidelity.

Eighteen churches to a population not exceeding eighteen thousand, including the negro element! The exact population cannot be here stated, as there was no census in 1768, but the figures given are the nearest attainable. Has there been any time since then when a more impressive exhibit could be made?

We leave much unseen that would interest us in the little metropolis, but we must return to the prosaic present, irrespective of regrets and without waiting to discover any democratic hammer hidden in mid-air, or clouds that threaten to obscure the light and disturb the peaceful serenity of the "Golden Age of Colonial New York."

Martha J Lamb

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE AND HIS WORK

Nowhere, it is said, has the chief work of Sir William Blackstone been more widely read than in America. As the first and only book of the kind in England, and written in a most graceful and attractive style, it was accepted as an authoritative revelation of the law. The first volume of the *Commentaries* was published in 1765, when its author was forty-two years of age; the other three volumes appeared at intervals during the next four years. Blackstone began his famous treatise with a forcible plea that noblemen, gentlemen, and educated persons generally, should have an intelligent understanding of the laws of the country. The work covers the field of law with singular completeness, and performed much the same service as was rendered to the people of Rome by the publication of their previously unknown laws. Few books of the age on any theme were ever more successful. Eight editions appeared in the author's lifetime (he died in 1780), and the ninth edition was ready for publication. For sixty years after his death editions continued to follow one another almost as quickly, and editors were found in men like Burns, Christian, Coleridge, and Chitty, who felt that they were rendering a service to their profession in annotating Blackstone with minute and almost tender care; and laymen turned to him to find for the first time English law made readable. So great, however, have been the growth and changes of law that to keep the work up to date by means of foot-notes is now an almost hopeless task.

Burke said in 1775: "I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's *Commentaries* in America as in England." It certainly has been edited and abridged in America nearly as often as in England, and has wielded as potent an influence in shaping the course of legal education in one country as in the other. It suggested to Chancellor Kent the idea of writing his *Commentaries on American Law*.

Blackstone was not without his critics, who remarked upon some disproportion in the parts of his great work, which closes with a chapter on the rise, progress and gradual improvements of the laws of England, suggesting to Reeves the utility of a history of English law, filled up with some minuteness upon the outline thus drawn. Thomas Jefferson questioned the wisdom of Blackstone's plan of smoothing the path of the student of law. He was also opposed to citing English authorities after the declaration of independence, and is reported to have said that to exclude them would be "to uncanonize Blackstone, whose book, although the most eloquent

and best digested of our law catalogues has been perverted more than all others to the degeneracy of legal science; a student finds there a smattering of everything, and his indolence easily persuades him that if he understands that book he is master of the whole body of the law." In 1776 Bentham wrote his famous *Fragment on Government*, in which he discussed what he considered Blackstone's imperfections, while frankly recognizing his merits. Dr. Priestley long before this had issued a pamphlet criticising passages in the *Commentaries* relating to dissenters; De Turneaux addressed letters to the author condemning his illiberal spirit in regard to the "Toleration Act," and found fault with the work as an incomplete statement of the law. Austin was even more vigorous in his critical attacks, accusing Blackstone of following slavishly the method of Hale's *Analysis of the Law*, and of "blindly adopting the mistakes of his rude, and compendious model, missing, invariably, with a nice and surprising infelicity, the pregnant but obscure suggestions which it proffered to his attention and which would have guided a discerning and inventive writer to an arrangement comparatively just." Bentham declared that Blackstone was "the enemy of all reform, and the unscrupulous champion of every form of professional chicanery;" and Austin insisted that he "flattered the overweening conceit of the English in their own institutions," and made his work popular "in a style fitted to tickle the ear, though it never or rarely satisfies a severe and masculine taste." These criticisms attracted public attention, until it grew fashionable to speak lightly of the work. But as time rolled on there came a more just appreciation of its value. Coleridge has pointed to the crude and scattered condition of the materials and controversies examined by Blackstone, and it is generally conceded that his conception of the *Commentaries* was admirable, and so well carried out "that the work contains the best history of English law extant, needing comparatively little correction, and told with clearness and spirit."

Blackstone grew to be a very stout man, disliking all forms of exercise. His portrait by Gainsborough, which forms the frontispiece to this number of the magazine, was painted about 1775. He was very precise and orderly in his habits, and noted through life for scrupulous punctuality; but it is said he was both languid and hot-tempered. He was twice elected to a seat in parliament, yet his political career was without memorable incidents. He was made a justice of the court of common pleas in 1770, where he acquired the reputation of being a painstaking judge.

Roy Singleton

THE INDIAN COLLEGE AT CAMBRIDGE

In 1638, the funds placed at the disposition of the college at Cambridge, through the bequest of John Harvard, enabled those having the work in charge to begin the construction of the college building. When this building was completed, the eight chambers in it for a time accommodated the students, but in the course of a few years dormitories had to be provided elsewhere. Henry Dunster, the first president of the college, had, upon very damageful conditions to himself, as he terms it, erected a house for his own use. In this house the printing-press was originally placed, and the room over that in which the press was situated was used as a dormitory. Johnson, in his *Wonder-Working Providence*, records the fact that when he wrote, which is thought to have been in 1651, the college was "enlarging by purchasing the neighbors' houses." One of the houses thus purchased was that of Edward Goffe, in Braintree, now Harvard street, and the rooms in this house were used as dormitories. About the same time that this purchase was effected, the president and fellows, in a petition to the commissioners of the United Colonies, represented that "through the increase of scholars many of them are forced to lodge in the town."*

Up to this time the growth of the college which had caused this demand for an increase of the dormitories had been exclusively composed of white students. The names of the students suggest to those familiar with the early colonial history of New England, the families whom they represented.†

In 1645, Winthrop records in his diary an event which foreshadowed the possibility that there might be in the future other than white students. He says that divers free schools were established that year, at which "Indians' children were to be taught freely." In 1646, John Eliot was preaching in the Indian language to attentive audiences. He followed up this work by "the establishment of schools among the praying Indians, and he taught some himself to read, that they might be capable to teach others, and by his procurements some of the choice Indian youths were put to school with English schoolmasters to learn both the English and Greek tongues."‡

* *Hazard's State Papers*, Vol. II., p. 197. † *Winthrop's New England*, Vol. II., p. 215.

‡ *Gookin, Mass. Hist. Coll'ns*, Vol. I., p. 172.

In 1649, the society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians was incorporated in London. They raised funds to carry out the purposes of the organization, and intrusted the distribution of these funds to the commissioners of the United Colonies.

The position and influence of these commissioners had already attracted the attention of those in authority at Cambridge. Samuel Shepard appealed to them in 1644 for a contribution for the maintenance of poor scholars, and Dunster, in 1647, pleaded the inability of the college, even at that early date, to meet the expense of keeping the college building in repair with the rentals from the dormitories. Both of these appeals were favorably considered, but the commissioners then had no funds at their disposal for such purposes, and could only refer the matter to the towns and the general courts, with recommendations that some active measures should be taken in behalf of the college.

The appropriation of £400 in 1636 by the General Court was simply for the foundation of a school or college. It is not probable that at that time any thought was bestowed upon the possible necessity of providing for the education of the natives. After the free schools were founded and provision was made for the admission of Indian children, the possibility that there might be some Indian youths who would work their way to Cambridge, may have suggested itself, but as a practical question it was even then not of much moment. To secure Indian patronage for public schools, it would have been imperative either to locate the schools in the Indian villages or, if the schools were not thus situated, to provide for the maintenance of the Indian children while in attendance. Besides, the rigid rules laid down by some of the towns for the conduct of the pupils in these public schools must have proved an insurmountable barrier to aspirants among the Indians for education.

Eliot understood the ways of children and the peculiarities of the Indian people. He won their hearts by gifts and secured their attention by various devices adapted to the age and condition of his pupils. His success with the Indian children, and the deposit of funds in the hands of the commissioners of the United Colonies, by the society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians, seems to have suggested to the president and fellows of the college that the time had come when the commissioners might be induced to apply some of these funds to the construction of a dormitory at Cambridge. The work of the society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians would have to be carried on through preachers who could speak the Indian tongue. On the one hand Harvard college might be made a nursery for future Eliots, and on the other hand

Eliot's work in teaching the natives might through school and college be so improved as to produce the desired results. In either event, whether in the education of white or native preachers, dormitories would be required for the students while at Cambridge, and this would justify the commissioners in thus applying the funds of the society. This seems to have been the line of argument used by the president and fellows in their petition. Perhaps it would be better to give the *résumé* of the petition contained in the answer of the commissioners, in September, 1651. They say: "By yours of August 27th, we understand that the former college buildings are in a decaying condition and will require considerable change ere long for a due repair, and through the increase of scholars, many of them are forced to lodge in the town, which proves many ways inconvenient and will necessarily require an enlargement of your buildings, for which you propound, and we have seriously considered whether any help may be had from the collections for the propagation of the Gospel amongst the Indians, but cannot find by the Act of Parliament (now passed), that any such liberty is granted. . . .

"Yet we now desire Mr. Winslow to inquire the mind of the corporation therein, ourselves conceiving that the advancement of learning here may also advance the work of Christ amongst the Indians and, accordingly, out of that stock (as it comes in) should gladly contribute. Might we do it without offence?"

While the commissioners expressed themselves flatly to the president and fellows of the college to the effect that they would gladly contribute from the funds of the corporation toward the general object of the advancement of learning if they had felt at liberty to do so, the phraseology of their London letter was couched in more courteous language. In this they put forth the following tentative expression of opinion:

"It is apprehended by some, that according to the intent of the Act of Parliament, an eye may be had in the distribution to the enlargement of the college at Cambridge, whereof there is great need, and furtherance of learning not so immediately, by respecting the Indian design, though we fully concur not, yet desire to know what the apprehensions of the honored corporation are herein." The language of this communication is involved, but apparently the commissioners suggest an interpretation of their powers which would permit the construction of a dormitory irrespective of the question of Indians, an interpretation in which they say they do not fully concur, but still they would like to know if the society approves of it.

Apparently the officers of the corporation were not prepared to cut

adrift entirely from the Indians in authorizing an expenditure of their funds for the enlargement of accommodations for students at Cambridge. Their consent appears, however, to have been obtained for the erection of a dormitory capable of accommodating six Indians.

This appears from a letter to Winslow, September 24, 1653, in which the commissioners say :

"What you proposed from the honorable corporation about six hopeful Indians to be trained-up at the college under some fit tutor, that, preserving their own language, they may obtain the knowledge of other tongues and dispense the Indian tongue in the college, we fully approve as a hopeful way to further the work. But the college being already to straits for the English students we shall be forced to raise some building there for the convenience of such Indians, wherein we shall expend at least one hundred pounds, desiring the building may be strong and durable though plain."

This announcement was immediately followed by the following instructions to the commissioners from Massachusetts Bay :

"The commissioners for the Massachusetts are also desired to consider and order the building of one entire room at the college for the convenience of six hopeful Indian youths, to be trained-up there, according to the advice received this year from the corporation in England, which room may be two stories high, and built plain but strong and durable, the charge not to exceed one hundred and twenty pounds besides glass, which may be allowed out of the parcel the corporation hath lately sent up on the Indian account."

On request of the president of the college, the commissioners were in 1654 authorized to alter the form of the building, "provided it exceed not thirty feet in length and twenty in breadth."

Thus a building was secured. The fact that Caleb Cheeshahteumuck is the only Indian name which figures in the quinquennial catalogue must not be accepted as showing that there was but one Indian connected with the college. There are scattered through the papers, from which the foregoing extracts are taken, references to the Indians which show that there were for several years from six to eight Indians pursuing their studies at Cambridge, some in the grammar school, some in the college. In May, 1659, the officers of the society write from Coopers' Hall asking for information about their protégés: "We desire you," they say, "to inform us as opportunity offers what number of Indians there are at the university and what progress and proficiency they make in learning and to what degree and manner they have obtained."

To this the commissioners reply from Hartford in November of the same year, giving the following rose-colored statement of the condition of affairs at Cambridge :

"There are five Indian youths at Cambridge in the Latin school, whose diligence and proficiency in their studies doth much encourage us to hope that God is fitting them and preparing them for good instruments in this great and desirable work. We have good testimony from those that are prudent and pious that they are diligent in their studies and civil in their carriage. And from the president of the college we have this testimony in a letter directed to us the 23d of August, 1659, in these words: 'The Indians in Mr. Arlett's school were examined openly by myself at the public commencement, concerning their growth in the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and, for their time, they gave good satisfaction to myself and also to the honored and reverent overseers.'"

It is stated in the reply to the royal commissioners that in 1665, the year that Cheeshahteumuck graduated, the number present in the grammar school and at college was eight, "one whereof is at college and ready to commence." As we examine the various sources of information open to us on this subject we find that about two-thirds of them were content with the education furnished by the school. The other third prosecuted for a while the higher studies of the college, and of these one only had the perseverance to finish the course and take a degree. I have quoted above the flattering picture of the conduct of these students which the commissioners in their report laid before the corporation. The results obtained were not proportionate to the hopes which such a report was calculated to raise. It may have been true that for a while the Indians pursued their studies with interest, but Gookin speaks of them as becoming disheartened, and leaving the school when almost ready to enter college.

According to Gookin the commissioners constructed "a house of brick" which passed under the name of the Indian college. Its cost he estimated at between three hundred and four hundred pounds. It was large enough for twenty scholars, and was fitted with convenient lodgings and studies. He says it was strong and substantial though not very capacious. Edward Randolph, in his report on colonial affairs to the Privy Council in 1676, mentions the Indian college.* He speaks of it as a "small brick building, called the Indian college, where some Indians did study, but now converted to a printing house." Dankers and Sluyter, who visited Cambridge in 1680, say that they looked into the building "through a broken paper sash." Thomas, in his *History of Printing*,

* Historical Collection relating to the Colonial Church, Vol. III., p. 22.

says: "This building was taken down many years since. It stood not far from the other buildings of the college." These references furnish practically all the information we can gather concerning this building. It was a simple brick structure, having oiled paper in the sashes in place of glass. That this substitution was only partial would appear probable from the fact that the commissioners in 1653 distinctly foreshadow the intention of providing glass for the windows. We have no other testimony as to the site of the building than that furnished by Thomas, who could never have seen it. It is probable, however, that he knew approximately where it stood.

Thus the little brick building, intended to be plain but strong and durable, came into possession of the college. Chauncy, Dunster's successor, had reaped the reward of Dunster's pertinacity. The accommodation for six hopeful Indians had become adequate for twenty. The cost of the building, which it was announced to the corporation would be one hundred pounds, and which in the authorization given the commissioners of Massachusetts was fixed at one hundred and twenty pounds, exclusive of glass, had risen, according to Gookin, to nearly four hundred pounds. The twenty Indian students who were to occupy it, or at any rate the greater part of them, were still in the future. The college was short of dormitories and here were vacant rooms. In 1656 Chauncy petitioned for the privilege of using the vacant rooms as dormitories for white students. The commissioners replied as follows:

"The commissioners are willing that the president, with the advice of the commissioners of the Massachusetts and Mr. Eliot, may for one year next ensuing improve the building to accommodate some English students, provided the said building be by the corporation secured from any damage that may befall the same through the use thereof."

This petition was renewed the next year, and the privilege of occupancy was again granted for one year on the same terms. Apparently the building became thereafter one of the regular dormitories of the college without the necessity of renewed applications to the commissioners, and was thus used so long as it remained habitable, except that the printing-press was subsequently set up in one of the rooms. Special appropriations made for Chauncy in 1664 and 1667 for services in behalf of Indians may perhaps indicate that the building was at those dates used to some extent for its original purpose.

The record is preserved of a meeting of the commissioners at which consent was given that the "bricks belonging to the Indian college, which is going to decay and become altogether useless," should be re-

moved and used for an additional building to Harvard college, provided studies should be furnished rent free in the new building for any Indian student who might thereafter be sent to college." It was in pursuance of this consent that in 1698 the bricks were sold to John Willis, and the proceeds applied in payment for the cellar under the southerly end of the first Stoughton Hall, a building which shared the fate of the first college building and the Indian college. It was so poorly constructed that in 1780 it was found necessary to pull it down.

The interest which attaches to the history of the Indian college is greatly increased by the fact that the building was evidently used as a dormitory for white students during the greater part of its existence. This is not a mere inference from the fact that specific consent was given in 1656 and 1657 for the use of the building for that purpose, but can be positively stated upon the authority of Gookin, who says that when he wrote it had "hitherto been principally improved for to accommodate English scholars and for placing and using a printing press belonging to the college." The site of the building is conjecturally placed on the plan in Eliot's history of the college in the southern part of the quadrangle, near Gray's Hall.

Andrew McFarlane Davis

BOSTON, MASS.

BURGOYNE'S DEFEAT AND SURRENDER

AN INQUIRY FROM AN ENGLISH STANDPOINT

I think there is no more interesting page in the history of this country than the record of the operations carried on in the year 1777, which ended in the capitulation of Major-General Burgoyne and his forces to the army of the United States commanded by General Gates. It is an old story, and has been often told from various standpoints; but my object in the present paper is to inquire into the causes of this surrender, and the circumstances preceding it.

The winter of 1776-77 was spent by Washington's little army at Valley Forge, where the nature of the country afforded it excellent defense. The English general, Howe, spent the corresponding period "snugly at Philadelphia," twenty-five miles distant, "enjoying his wine and his cards." But far different was the aspect of affairs in the northern colonies. There the command of the British forces had been transferred by an imbecile ministry from General Sir Guy Carleton to General Burgoyne. Carleton had now served several campaigns in that region, and consequently had an extensive knowledge of the country and its people, and was thoroughly well versed in the tactics and mode of fighting of the latter. On the other hand, Burgoyne, albeit a gallant soldier and one who had seen much service in Spain and elsewhere in Europe, was quite fresh to American warfare. Sir Guy not unnaturally felt nettled at being superseded by such a man at a time when offensive operations on a large scale were meditated. He accordingly threw up his appointment as governor of Canada, but consented to remain until the arrival of his successor.

The plan of attack, which Burgoyne was deputed to carry out, had been "hatched" by the king of England,—whose knowledge of the art of war was certainly as peculiar, if not as extensive, as the immortal Sam Weller's knowledge of public-houses,—Lord George Germaine, who, though secretary of state for the colonies, had not much wit for anything, and Burgoyne himself. This plan appears to have been, for the army to capture Ticonderoga and then march against Albany; the fleet meanwhile to ascend the River Hudson with another strong body of troops, under General Howe, on board, and join hands with Burgoyne. In this manner the English would obtain complete control of the river, and the state

of New England, "the hot-bed of rebellion," would be reduced. The scheme was good enough, but unhappily its execution lacked co-operation from the start, whilst the "strong body" of troops mentioned so vaguely was not nearly strong enough. In point of fact, the force placed under General Burgoyne's immediate command consisted of about seven thousand regular infantry and cavalry—some three thousand of whom were German mercenaries, hired by the English government at forty pounds per man; a corps of artillery; nearly three thousand French Canadians, equipped as scouts, pioneers and baggage guards, and the usual crowd of Indians. His division and brigade commanders were mostly good officers—Major-Generals Philips and Riedesel, Brigadier-Generals Powell, Frazer, Hamilton, and Specht.

One of Burgoyne's first proceedings was to hold a confab with his Indian allies, whom he adjured to renounce their scalping propensities and adhere to the Christian method of fighting. Of course the redskins promised all sorts of things, but not long afterward occurred the brutal murder of Miss Jenny McCrea. At the same time Burgoyne took care to mention to the colonists, in a proclamation which he issued, the many brutalities practiced by the Indians.

At first all went well with the expedition. Being conveyed by water to St. John, the English general marched thence toward Crown Point on June 16, 1777. At Ticonderoga, where General St. Clair—the same, I believe, who was defeated by the Indians in 1791—was commandant of only a weak garrison, the Americans retreated. Skenesboro' was the next point to fall into the hands of the British. Well might John Adams exclaim with emphasis: "We shall never be able to defend a post till we shoot a general!" General Schuyler, recognizing the importance of delaying Burgoyne's march by all the means in his power, broke down the bridges, obstructed the roads, and interrupted the navigation of Wood creek. But congress would take no heed of Washington, who had a firm belief in the soldierly qualities of Schuyler; the latter was superseded by General Gates. Brigadier-Generals Lincoln and Benedict Arnold were appointed to command under Gates, and he was reinforced by Morgan's rifle corps and two brigades from the highlands. Congress clearly meant "business." Meanwhile Burgoyne reached the Hudson; but alas! no General Howe was there to co-operate with him—indeed, that extraordinary man seemed utterly incapable of observing the movements of Washington and assisting his *confrère* at one and the same time. And now it was that Burgoyne began to appreciate the difficulties of his enterprise, the difficult nature of the country, and the peculiar tactics adopted by the enemy. These

last perfectly astounded the British and Hessian troops, who failed to see the fun in fighting a hidden foe armed with a deadly rifle.

Still, General Burgoyne is open to much criticism in that he was foolish enough to further weaken his weak army by detaching small parties to threaten the enemy at various places. One such detachment, under Colonel Baum, was fallen upon at St. Corick's Mill by the husband of "Molly Stark," and routed with the loss of 500 men, including Baum himself; while another, commanded by Colonel St. Leger, after meeting with some success, was very nearly cut off, and rejoined the main body with difficulty. So far the English advance. The woods were by this time swarming with militia flocking to Gates' standard.

With the passage of the Hudson by Burgoyne (which he effected on September 13-14, 1777, by means of a bridge of boats), the second phase of the campaign may be said to have commenced. "Burgoyne was now in a position which demanded all the talents of a great general," says a truthful English historian. "His forces were greatly reduced, those of the enemy were greatly increased, and he was precisely in that situation, amidst bogs and wildernesses, which Lord Barrington and Colonel Barré had from the first declared would be fatal to any army." The United States forces of Gates and Schuyler had been increased to 8,000, whilst death and disease had correspondingly reduced the English to little more than 4,000 fighting men. Moreover, Gates intrenched himself very skillfully on Bemus's Heights, protected by redoubts, swamps, woods, and ravines. On September 19 Burgoyne took up ground in front of the American left, himself commanding his own right wing, and Generals Riedesel and Philips the left. About the middle of the afternoon Arnold's division assailed the English right with great impetuosity, covered by a cloud of sharpshooters who picked off the red-coats whenever they showed themselves. General Gates adopted the simple but effective plan of reinforcing Arnold each time he was repulsed, and sending him forward again. At length darkness ended the struggle; each side had lost some five or six hundred killed or wounded, but the British kept the field and claimed the victory.

It may well be asked, why in the name of wonder did not Burgoyne follow up any success he may have gained? "If ever a general needed to push on his advantage it was now. Every day was consuming Burgoyne's stores; every day was augmenting the forces of the enemy. The country was closed to Burgoyne: it was open with all its resources to the Americans." In truth, the British commander had received a despatch from Sir Henry Clinton, advising him not to count upon any help from General

Howe, but that he (Clinton) would risk the responsibility of a diversion in his favor by attacking Forts Montgomery and Clinton, on the lower Hudson—and to which Burgoyne replied that he would remain in his present position until October 12. This was the worst mistake he had yet made. He certainly had not provisions enough to last till that date, his cattle were actually dying for want of forage, and his Indians began to desert in large numbers. The dashing Arnold now communicated to Gates a scheme for capturing Ticonderoga, Mount Independence and Fort George, and so getting upon Burgoyne's line of retreat *via* the lakes to Canada. Gates acquiescing, a force of irregulars under Colonel Brown was started upon this enterprise which, partially successful, alarmed Burgoyne, whose retreat would now be a question of hard fighting.

Hearing nothing further from Clinton, Burgoyne, who was no longer blind to the peril of his position, led out fifteen hundred picked men, and endeavored to break through the American line. But General Arnold proved a hard nut to crack, his marksmen picked off the gallant General Frazer with their deadly rifles, and the British were forced back to camp with the loss of their precious artillery, Colonel Brooks, too, at the head of Jackson's Massachusetts regiment, took occasion by the hand, marched around the English lines, and captured the baggage and ammunition of the German brigade. This was just what Gates needed to carry on the campaign. Burgoyne, who was reduced to thirty-five hundred men and three days' rations, fell back during the night to a fresh position on elevated ground. The next day was wasted in skirmishing, and the British general, Lincoln, was disabled whilst reconnoitring. Gates was proving himself to be a very able commander. He saw that the enemy's design was to reach Fort George, and this he determined to frustrate by carefully guarding every avenue of escape. Burgoyne's first march would be to Saratoga, only six miles distant, but it was too late. He left 300 sick and wounded behind him, whom General Gates treated most kindly and humanely. Arrived at the fords of the Fishkill, the English general, who was now in a state bordering on desperation, having heard nothing from Clinton, drove away a force of the enemy who would have barred his passage. These, however, attacked his batteaux on the river, and seized his remaining stores.

For the moment Burgoyne appears to have contemplated fighting his way across the river, whence he hoped to make Fort Edward. In fact, word was brought to Gates that he *had* effected a crossing, leaving only a rear-guard in camp, and believing this, the former made his dispositions for seizing the camp. At the last moment he heard from a spy or deserter

that he was mistaken in his surmise, and Burgoyne, who had thought to fall upon and crush the Americans on their reaching the opposite bank, had the mortification of seeing them retire again. His last chance was gone. The road to Fort Edward was blocked up.

There is no need to dwell upon what followed. The result of a conference with the officers was that General Burgoyne had an interview with General Gates on the morning of October 14. At first the American commander would listen to no terms but an unconditional surrender, but on Burgoyne stating that he would never acknowledge his retreat cut off while his troops had arms in their hands, Gates (who was well aware that Clinton was drawing nearer and nearer) allowed him honorable terms. Burgoyne soon became aware of the near approach of Clinton, but he could not in honor draw back, and the capitulation was ratified. Gates, who was nothing if not a polished gentleman, would neither attend the humiliating spectacle of "grounding arms" nor allow his soldiers to be present. By it 4,000 muskets, forty pieces of artillery, some stores, etc., became the property of the American Republic.

The news was followed by the resignation of General Sir William Howe, the incapable commander-in-chief of his majesty's land forces in America. His conduct had been culpable and apathetic enough, but observe the careless demeanor of Burgoyne; first, in not maintaining an unbroken connection with the fleet on the lakes; and, secondly, in advancing so far without the prospect of co-operation from Sir William. Several times during the fighting that followed he displayed high qualities as a soldier, but Sir Guy Carleton should never have been removed—at any rate, in favor of an officer fresh from Europe. And the disaster of Saratoga was a foreshadowing of the greater disaster of Yorktown. The intelligence was received with mingled feelings in England; but perhaps the witty Mrs. Inchbald, in criticising the carefully prepared description of the event forwarded to his government by General Burgoyne, summed up the popular sentiment best:

"The style charmed every reader; but he had better have beaten the enemy and misspelt every word of his despatch, for so the great Duke of Marlborough would have done!"

Percy Cross Standing

RICKMANSWORTH, HERTS, ENGLAND.

A CURIOUS AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN INDIANA

THE CHIEF OF THE MIAMIS

Editor Magazine of American History:

There lately came into my possession some documents of great historic interest, and which, I think, are worthy of preservation in your valuable Magazine.

John Baptiste Richardville, whose Indian name was Pe-che-wa, or "Wild Cat," was the last principal chief of the Miamis, once a powerful confederacy which held for a long period the gateway to the West; their principal village being Ke-ki-on-ga, now Fort Wayne, Indiana.

He was the son of Tah-cum-wah, daughter of Chief Aque-nosh-quah, and a sister of the famous chief Little Turtle, and was born about the year 1761.

His father was Joseph Drouet de Richardville, who was long an Indian trader at this point, and was, according to tradition, a scion of the nobility of France.

A brother was trader at "Post St. Vincents," or Vincennes, and descendants of his are still living there, in whose possession these remarkable manuscripts are now preserved.

John Baptiste Richardville was a marked character in the history of his times, and he and his family were exempted from the provisions of the treaty by which the Miamis were required to seek new homes in the far west, and remained here, his descendants, notwithstanding the admixture of white blood, showing in every characteristic their Indian ancestry.

He left three daughters, La Blonde, Susan and Catharine. La Blonde left a daughter who married James Godfrey, himself a Miami descended from the same maternal stock and a French Canadian trader of that name. Their family is respected, and are good citizens. Richardville died August 13, 1841, and was buried in the Catholic Cemetery, not far from the place of his birth and residence.

That the tradition of his noble lineage was no myth is amply proven by the curious old documents brought into the wilderness by these adventurous sons of France one hundred and sixty-four years ago, and which have been so strangely preserved, to illustrate the links which bind us through so many decades with the historic names of France.

There seems little room for doubt that Chief Richardville was the son of "Antoine Joseph, the son of Messire Denis Dydie Derout" (Drouet) and "Dame Marie Jeanne Michel Lemadre," who was born March 30, 1723, the last of our genealogical tree, which carries us back almost to the Middle Ages, to the time of William the Conqueror, and connects the days of chivalry in France with the days of chivalry and adventure among the savage tribes of America.

The first paper is the genealogical record, while the second seems to be an adjudication of the family titles by the French King in the year 1201, and are given exactly, as I am able to decipher them, as follows:

Philippe Auguste par la Grace de Dieu Roy de France, etc., à tous presens et avenir Salut Scauoire faisons que sur la Requisition du Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy et St. Phelix Musy Saint Pont, etc., Inspecteur de Cavalerie de nos armées, par Laquelle Requisition Ledit Sire Christophle Drouet Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont, etc., Supplioit Notredite Majesté de faire droit sur la d'requisition aux fins d'Intreposer notre autorité Royale pour terminer les Contestations d'entre luy et le Sire Anthoine Datteuille, Seigneur Daubigny, au sujet du fief dudit Musy Saint Pont, que le dit Sire Antoine Datteuille pretend Luy Estre Deusla accuse du Retrait feodal quil à Signifié par Exploit du quinze januier Mil Deux Cent au Domicile dudit Sire Christophle Drouet, Escuyer, Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix, Musy Saint Pont, etc., par les pièces justifications qu'il nous demontre, et par dautres Connoissances don nous formees Certain; nous Etant fait Représenter les Titres qui pourroit concerner le dit Sire Christophle Drouet, Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont, etc., de Soins de notre Conseil le sur le Ved d'Talle piece. Voulant fauorablemem traiter le dit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont, Suppliant, Deboutons le dit Sire Antoine d'Atteuille, Escuyer, Seigneur Daubigny de sa demande et representation delitre pour Bonne Le droit dudit Sire Christophle Le Drouet, etc. Sur le fief noble dudit Musy Saint Pont et comme ledit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont. Se trouuant dande l'impossibileté de les Représenter attendu l'incendie arrivé dans sa maison ordinaire, qui a été consommé ses meubles, papiere et effets de ce diiment interquellé lecture faite des Proces Verbeaux faits de l'état des lieux par les Commissaires de notre pars envoyén ensembles les Informations faites des Temoins ouyu sur la question de qui dependoit Ledit fief de Musy Saint Pont, et sur la Confrontation de certain aueüs et denombrement fournis aux predecesseurs dudit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont par les Predecesseurs meme dudit Sire Datteuille et faute pare ledit Sire Datteuille : Nauoir Représente vente, Ventillation, ou Translation faite par les predecesseurs dudit Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy, Saint Phelix, Musy Saint Pont etc., ou par luy dudit fief noble haut, moyen et bas justicié dudit fief de Musy Saint Pont; le Condamnonnes a Reconnoitre ledit Sire Christophle Drouet Seigneur Dosiret et Bragy, Saint Phelix, Musy Saint Pont pour son Seigneur. Nous ayam parü quil Leloit par les aueüs et denombrement cy dillud que

ledit Sire Datteuille Seigneur Daubigny Releuoit dudit fief de Musy Saint Pont, etc. Deluy fournir a cette cause [cause] tous les aueüs et denombrements des Terres a luy appartenantes qui se trouuem en la Monnence dudit fief; L' tout aux memes clauses quil les pretendoient dudit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont, etc. Condamnons en outre ledit Sire Datteuille, Seigneur Daubigny aux frais tant du Retrait feodal que des autres frais des procedures faites au Sujet de sa pretendüe preliminaires sur ledit fief de Musy Saint Pont, Ensemble aux droits vasseaux corués et vassalite pour les Terres aluy appartenantes qui se trouuem dans la Monnence dudit Musy Saint Pont. En outre Condamnons ledit Sire Datteuille Seigneur Daubigny Enuers Ledit Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Pont, a *Reparation Dhonneur pour le Denis aluy fait de sa naissance*, en le mettant au neant jusqu'a Roture : Ensemble a restitution de titres audit Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Pont, etc. Concernam Ledit fief de Musy Saint Pont, et au las de Refus Tenu d'affirmer n'en pas auoir, de plus a la restitution des fruits par luy Receuilles dudit fief de Musy Saint Pont qué est dependam dudit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer, Seigneur de Bragy Dosiret Saint Phelix, Musy Saint Pont, etc., depuis le jour quil s'en est saisy jusqu'a maintenant tant ensance. Rente, grains qu'en argent droits Seigneuriaux Coupe, Vente, Ventillation faite des Bois et prix d'teux; Et ce D'huy en six mois pour tout Delais; Et faute par luy de ce faire Permis audit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret, Bragy Saint Phelix, Musy Saint Pont de faire executer ces Presentes, et le contenu en iceles après le terme d'huy en six mois expiré, en faisam saisir au corps ledit Antoine Datteuille, Seigneur Daubigny, sans quil soit Besoin audit Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy St. Phelix, Musy Saint Pont dautres choses. Mandons et enjoignons a tous nous officiers justiciers et autres de tenir la main a l'Execution de des Presentes sur la Requisition dudit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont ou sur celle de ses hoirs ou ayam cause; Ordonnons au premier notre hussier ou sergem exploitant dans l'Etendué de notre Royaume de faire pour l'Execution des Presentes et le Contenu d'icelles Tous Actes requis et necessaires sans demander autre permission nonobstant clameur de haro, et Lettres au contraires. Ces Presentes furent Données et accordées Donnons et accordons avec pleine connoissance de cause pour servir (Et ce comme de raison) de titres audit Sire Christophle Drouet Escuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musy Saint Pont, etc. Et ne pourra estre ledit Sire Inguiette sur l'Etat de sa Naissance; et ce Derogeam a toutes choses a ce contraires et au contenu d'icelles presentes.— Car Tel Est Notre Plaisir.

Donné en notre Chateau de Paris audit Lieu ce vingt neuf janvier Mil Deux Cent Un.

[Signé] PHILIPPE.

Auguste, de Notre Regne le quatrieme an, Et plus bas est escrit De Par Le Roy notre om Sire Jean Baptiste Machianet et en marge est escrit alté apposé Le Sceau ce dernier dudit mois etan : Signé Chopinet avec Grille et Paraphe. Je Soussigné Garde Minutte et aux Archives des Lettres Patentes accordées par notredit Seigneur Roy. Certifie a tout quil appartendra que Le Present est Copie mot pour mot et conforme a Loriginal qui est dans lesdites Archives de nos dits Seigneur Roye, en foy de quoy Jay Signé Le Present pour Servir et Valoir autant quil convindra, a Paris ce vingt trois janvier Mil Sept Cent Trente Trois.

[Signé] A. BROGLIO.

Contrôlé a Dourdan ce vingt un fevrier Mil Sept Cent Trente Trois, Signé Godarville, scellé Ledit jour et au que dessus. Secrétaire Du Roy Maison Couronne de France, de ses finances, ce vingt trois januier Mil Sept Cent Trente Trois Par Mon dit, etc.,
[Signé] DE LAFONTAINE.

Collationne sur vue Copie en Papier Timbré représenté pour demeurer au rang des Minutes du notaire soussigné, a Montreal ce neuf juin Mil Sept Cent Trente Six.

RAIMBAULT FILS,
N^{ro} ROYAL.

Nous Pierre Raimbault, Conseiller du Roy et son Lieutenant General Civil et Criminel au siege de la Jurisdiction de Montreal Certiffione, que M^{re} Raimbault quy a fait L'expedition des autres Parts est Notaire Royale En La^d Jurisdiction et que foy en adjoute aux actes quil passe, En foy de quoy nous auons signé ces Presentes, et ascelle fait apposer Le Sceau de notre Jurisdiction et contresigne par notre Greffier. Fait a Montreal le onze juin Mil Sept Cent Trente Six.

P. RAIMBAULT
Par Monsieur le Lieutenant General
C. PORTIER
Greffier.

[SEAL]

EXTRAIT DES GENEALOGIES

	AINES	CADETS	FILLES
Messire Robert Phillippe Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur Dosiret Bragy Saint Phelix Musi St. Pont et autres lieux eut de Dame Elisabeth Dauenquerque son épouse	Messire Christophle né le 17 ^d may 1162		
Messire Christophle Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur Dosiret St. Phelix Bragy Musi St. Pont et autres lieux inspecteur de cavalerie eut de Da ^{lle} Françoise Le Bottu son épouse en première nocé			D ^{lle} Suson D ^{lle} Antoinette D ^{lle} Marie
Et Led ^{it} Messire Christophle Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur Dosiret Saint Felix Musi St. Pont et autres lieux eut de Damoiselle Adelaide de Barrieres son épouse en seconde nocé	Mes ^{re} Charles, né le 4 ^d feurier 1202	Et Messire Robert	
Messire Charles Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur des Saussayes St. Amand Bauac et autres lieux capitaine de cavalerie eut de D ^{lle} Le Brun de la Serisayes, son épouse	Messire Alexandre César, né le 8 ^d davril 1239	Messire Louis et Messire Claude	D ^{lle} Brigitte et D ^{lle} Pétronille

	AINES	CADETS	FILLES
Messire Alexandre César Drouet Ecuyer, Seigneur des Saussayes Bragy Musi St. Pont, Bauac et autres lieux, eut de D ^{lle} Crasseur de St. Mour, son épouse	Messire Pierre, né le 11 ^e sep- tembre 1260		D ^{lle} Martine et D ^{lle} Claudine
Messire Pierre Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur des Saussayes St. Amand Bouac Beaucour et autres lieux, capitaine d'infan- terie, eut de D ^{lle} Christine le Seigneux, son épouse	Mes ^{re} Paul et Mes ^{re} Jean Bap ^{te} mort en bas âge. Messire Michel né le 17 ^e juin 1291	Mes ^{re} Edme Battazar Mes ^{re} Sebastian Mes ^{re} Denis Mes ^{re} Etienne	
Messire Michel Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur d'Armancourt de Bouval de Manorque des Bruy- ères et autres lieux, eut de Dame Louise de St. Genie (veuve de Mes ^{re} gerome gra- beau, Seig ^r des Martrais) son épouse	Mes ^{re} Gaspard Melchior né le 27 ^e may 1320	Mes ^{re} Henry	
Messire Gaspard Melchior Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur Darmancourt Saint Barthelemy, Moranges Bonnal et autres lieux. Major du régiment du Roy infanterie. Eut de D ^{lle} Claude du Verger son épouse	Mes ^{re} Louis né le 12 ^e Sept ^{bre} 1364		D ^{lle} Grabelle Françoise et D ^{lle} Marie
Messire Louis Drouet Ecuyer Seig ^r Darmancourt Saint Bar- thelemy, Moranges et autres lieux, lieutenant du Roy des ^t Lo. Eut de D ^{lle} Henriette du Cerceau St. Leger son épouse	Mes ^{re} René Bat- tazar né le 29 ^e feurier 1402.		D ^{lle} Marie Louise
Messire René Battazar Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur Darmancourt Saint Barthelemy, Moranges et autres lieux, mestre de camp de cavalerie eut de Damoiselle Louise de Sont L'évêque son épouse	Mes ^{re} Théodore Emanuel né le 21 ^e octobre 1441	Mes ^{re} Julien et Mes ^{re} Jean- Baptiste	
Mes ^{re} Théodore Emanuel Drouet Ecuyer Seigneur de Prille Saint Paulis des Bois Boissi- ورانget et autres lieux, capitaine de cavalerie réformé. Eut de Dame Marguerite de Valençay (veuve de Mes ^{re} Joachim Eusebe Dufournier) son épouse en pre- mière nocce	Mes ^{re} Jacques et Mes ^{re} Mathurin tous deux morts en bas âge		
Et ledit Sire Théodore Emanuel, etc. Eut de D ^{lle} françoise Ni- cole de Lavaux son épouse en seconde nocce	Mes ^{re} Jacques, né le 17 ^e juil- let 1477	Mes ^{re} Michel et Mes ^{re} Bona- venture	

	AINES	CADETS	FILLES
Messire Jacques Drouet Ecuyer } Seigneur d'Orbec St. Maurice Prille Auvray et autres lieux, Président du Siege et Elections de Bourdan. Eut de D ^{lle} Gene- viève Dosset de St. Remy, son épouse }	Mes ^{re} Pierre né le prem ^r mars 1506	D ^{lle} Henriette et D ^{lle} Geneviève }	
Messire Pierre Drouet Ecuyer Sgr, de Lavaux d'Orbec, St. Mauri Auvray et autres lieux, cap ^e d'in- fanterie eut de D ^{lle} Louise Chris- tine du Pousset son épouse }	Mes ^{re} Abraham Eusèbe, né le dernier X ^{bre} 1533	Mes ^{re} Jerome et Mes ^{re} Louis }	
Messire Abraham Eusèbe Drouet, Ecuyer, Seigr d'Orbec, de l'annux Chaumusson et autres lieux, lieutenant de cavalerie, eut de D ^{lle} Emee d'Aubigny St. Ger- main, son épouse }	Mes ^{re} Pierre né le 22 ^d juillet 1559	Mes ^{re} Louis }	D ^{lle} Elisabeth
Messire Pierre Drouet Ecuyer } Seigneur du Sommeray Chau- musson et autres lieux. Brigadier des armées du Roy. Eut de D ^{lle} Marguerite le Boixtel, son épouse }	Mes ^{re} Charles, né le 11 ^d juin 1598	Mes ^{re} Armand Mes ^{re} Jacob Mes ^{re} Michel ignace }	
Messire Charles Drouët Ecuyer } Seigneur du Sommeray Chau- musson et autres lieux. Lieuten- colonel au régiment de Piémont, infanterie. Eut de D ^{lle} Louise Bourdon, son épouse }	Messire Claude né le 15 7 ^{bre} 1633	Mes ^{re} Etienne Mes ^{re} Pierre Mes ^{re} Louis Mes ^{re} Charles }	
Messire Claude Drouët Ecuyer } Seigneur de Baudricourt Bajolet et autres lieux. Lieutenant criminel de robe courte de Bourdan avocat au Grand Conseil substitut de Messieurs les Marechaux de France. Eut de Dame Apoline de Soissons son épouse }	Messire Claude, Drouet de Richardville né le 17 ^d X ^{bre} 1665	Mes ^{re} Denis Didier }	D ^{lle} Louise

Cet Extrait Vû Lû et Collationné sur L'original représenté et a l'instant rendu par nous.
Lieutenant General de la ville, juridiction et election de Dourdan, sousigné ce vingt neuf
Januier Mil Sept Cent Trente Trois.

[Signé] LE BOIXTEL,

Avec paraphe, Era Cotte Est Ecrit.

Contrôlé à Dourdan, le vingt un feburie Mil Sept Cent Trente Trois.

[Signé] GODARVILLE.

Scellé Le^d jour et au que dessus.

MESSIRE CLAUDE DROUET
ESCU^{ER} SR DE RICHARDVILLE
Né Le 17^d X^{bre} 16.

AINES		CADETS	FILLES
Messire Claude Derouët Ecuyer Sr de Richardville officier des Troupes D'on Detachement de la Marinne, entretenous en Can- ada pour le Service du Roy. Eut de Dame Marie Jeanne Derozier son épouse	Messire Denis Dydie, né le 6 ^d may 1693	Armand né le 25 ^d mar 1695 Michelnac né le 28 ^d 8 ^{bre} 1697 Antoine né le 27 ^d mar 1699 Etienne né le 21 ^d avril 1705 Jean Louis né le 4 ^d de may 1707 Pierre Charles né le 27 ^d 7 ^{bre} 1712 Claude Antoine né le 27 ^d feurie 1715	Dam ^{le} M. Jo- sepha née le 26 ^d juillet 1703 Dam ^{le} Gene- viève née le 2 ^d 8 ^{bre} 1710
Messire Denis Dydie Escuyer Sr Derout de Bagolet eut de Dame Marie Jeanne Michel Lemadre son épouse	Atné. Messire Antoine Jo- seph né le 30 ^d mar 1723	Claude, né le 3 ^d X ^{bre} 1724 Michel, né le 10 ^d may 1726 Louis, né le 29 ^d avril 1728	D ^{lle} Appoline née le 6 ^d de may 1720 D ^{lle} Marie Anne née le 3 ^d 9 ^{bre} 1721

Collatione sur une Coppie per timbré representé pour Demeurer au Rang des minutes
du Notaire soussigné à Montréal ce neuf juin mil sept cent trente six.

RAIMBAULT FILS,
N^o royal.

[WAX SEAL] Nous Pierre Raimbault Com^e du Roy Lieutenant-General Civil
et Criminel au seige Royale de Montreal

Certiffione que M^e Raimbault quy a fait Lexpedition des autres
Parts est Notaire Royale en la^d jurisdiction et que foy est adjouté aux actes quel pase, en
foy de quoy nous avons * ces Presentes. Et ascelle fait apposer Le Sceau de Notre juris-
diction. Et Contresigne par Notre Greffier. Fait à Montreal le Onze juin Mil Sept Cent
Trente Six.

P. RAIMBAULT,
Par Monsieur le Lieutenant Général
C. PORTIER,
Greffier.

[SEAL]

[* "Signé" is omitted by the scrivener.—R.]

Respectfully yours,

P. S. Robertson,

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S HUMOR

President Lincoln had humor of which he was totally unconscious. He said wonderfully witty things, but never from a desire to be witty. His wit was entirely illustrative. He used it because at times he could say more in this way and better illustrate an idea. He never cared how he made a point, so that he made it, and he never told a story for the mere sake of telling a story. He was a master of satire, which was at times as blunt as a meat-axe and at others as keen as a razor; but it was always kindly except when some horrible injustice was its inspiration, and then it was terrible.

In my interview the name came up of a recently deceased politician of Illinois, whose undeniable merit was blemished by an overweening vanity. His funeral was very largely attended. "If," said Mr. Lincoln, "General — had known how big a funeral he would have had, he would have died years ago." His flow of humor was a sparkling spring gushing out of a rock; the flashing water had a sombre background which made it all the brighter. Whenever merriment came over that wonderful countenance it was like a gleam of sunshine upon a cloud—it illuminated but did not dissipate.

This was in 1858. Lincoln said he should carry the state on the popular vote, but that Douglas would nevertheless be elected to the senate, owing to the skillful manner in which the state had been districted in his interest. "You can't overturn a pyramid," he said, "but you can undermine it: that's what I have been trying to do." He undermined the pyramid the astute Douglas had erected most effectually. It toppled and fell very shortly afterward.

Nothing so illustrates the fact that events are stronger than men, and that one attacking an evil can never commence using the little end of a club without changing very soon to the butt, than the position of Lincoln at this time. The Republican leaders, and Lincoln as well, were afraid of only one thing, and that was of having imputed to them any desire to abolish slavery. Douglas in all the debates between himself and Lincoln attempted to fasten abolition upon him, and this it was his chief desire to avoid. Great as he was, he had not then reached the point of declaring war upon slavery; he could go no farther than to protest against its extension into the territories, and that was pressed in so mild and hesitating

a way as to rob it of half its point. Did he foresee that within a few years the irresistible force of events would compel him to demand its extinction, and that his hand would sign the document that killed it? Logic is mightier than man's reason. He did not realize that the reason for preventing its extinction was the very best reason for its extinction. Anything that should be restricted should be killed. It took a war to bring about this conclusion. Liberty got its best growth from blood-stained fields.

I met Lincoln again in 1859, in Columbus, Ohio, where he made a speech which was only a continuation of the Illinois debates of the year before. Douglas had been previously brought there by the Democracy, and Lincoln's speech was in the main an answer to Douglas. It is curious to note in this speech that Lincoln denied being in favor of negro suffrage, and took pains to go out of his way to affirm his support of the law of Illinois forbidding the intermarriage of whites and negroes. I asked him if such a denial was worth while, to which he replied: "The law means nothing. I shall never marry a negress, but I have no objection to any one else doing so. If a white man wants to marry a negro woman, let him do it—if the negro woman can stand it. Slavery," said he, "is doomed, and that within a few years. Even Judge Douglas admits it to be an evil, and an evil can't stand discussion. In discussing it we have taught a great many thousands of people to hate it who had never given it a thought before."

The "Nasby letters," which I began in 1861, attracted his attention, and he was very much pleased with them. He read them regularly. He kept a pamphlet which contained the first numbers of the series in a drawer in his table, and it was his wont to read them on all occasions to his visitors, no matter who they might be or what their business was. He seriously offended many grave senators who came charged to the brim with important business—business on which the fate of the nation depended—by postponing the consideration of their matters while he read them a letter from "Saints' Rest, wich is in the state uv Noo Jersey."

DAVID R. LOCKE'S *Reminiscences of Lincoln*.

OUR RELATION TO THE PAST A DEBT TO THE FUTURE *

Our prevailing sentiment to-day, I am sure, is one of gratitude—of gratitude touched with generous pride. We rebuild the sepulchres of our fathers, not with Pharisaism, but with devout and humble thankfulness. We rejoice as we ought in our godly ancestry and our goodly heritage. Many of us can look back through an unbroken lineage of six, seven, or eight generations of good and true men and women to the very beginnings of Anglo-Saxon life on this western continent. We are thankful for the "blood of ancestry, in which," as Lamartine says, "is found the prophecy of destiny." To-day we trace our connection with the mighty past. We devote the hours to what the conveyancers call "searching the title," generally the most important and the most profitable work which the conveyancer has to do. There is this difference, however, with us. We search our own title, save the conveyancer's fees, and keep the profit to ourselves. At any rate our legal adviser is one of ourselves, belongs to the family, and has common interest with us. The HEDGES have been kept up well.

We find ourselves to-day standing in close connection with all that was greatest, noblest, and best in the mother-land in the most heroic period of her magnificent history. No other period of equal length in that history presents us with such impressive contrasts of good and evil, piety and wickedness, sainthood and diabolism, profound learning and brutish ignorance, high tragedy and low comedy, as the great central portion of the seventeenth century in which our eastern English towns were colonized. It was an age of immense literary activity. If we leave out of account the single name of Shakspeare, the first settlers of Southampton were contemporary with a body of men vastly superior in numbers and in weight to those who gave its lustre to the boasted age of Elizabeth. Glance for a moment at a handful of names caught up almost at random from the central half of that century's history—names which must have been as familiar to our fathers as are those of Gladstone, and Grant, and Bismarck, and Stanley, and Tennyson, and Longfellow to ourselves. The church was renowned during these years by such a constellation as never shone before or since upon her calendars. There were Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Ken, Tillotson and Barrow and South, Bishop Burnet and

* Address at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Southampton, Long Island, June 12, 1890.

Archbishop Usher, Thos. Fuller, and Bishop Hall. And the Puritans fully matched the church, with Baxter and Owen and Bunyan, John Howe and Philip Henry. Sir Matthew Hale was Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Sir Isaac Newton was writing his *Principia*, Shakspeare had been but few years dead when our settlers came—some of our fathers may have seen and talked with him—Ben Jonson was living, and Sir Wm. Davenant. And then there were a host of poets and dramatists, big and little, ranging almost from the zenith of angelic song down to the nadir of the Restoration grossness and blasphemy: holy Geo. Herbert, and Milton singing of *Paradise Lost and Regained*, and Fras. Quarles and Habington and Crashaw, Dryden and Butler, Cowley and Waller and Lovelace and Prior, Dorset and Roscommon, Sedley and Rochester and Etherege and Wycherly. What a list! headed with glory and ending with the stench of the sulphurous pit! And the philosophers and historians—Cudworth and Hobbes and Henry More, Clarendon and Evelyn and Burnet and Pepys with their scandals and tittle-tattle. And finally, to cut short what might be indefinitely extended, and leave sweeter suggestions in our thoughts—Izaak Walton, angler and contemplative saint, and patient Lady Rachel Russell.

Our settlers saw the whole wretched career of the Stuart dynasty, its interruption by the Protectorate, its brief and disgraceful Restoration, its downfall in the Revolution and the safe re-launching of the ship of state with William of Orange at the helm. In this brief space came the plague, the great fire of London, the Westminster Assembly, the long Parliament, the Savoy Conference, and the ejection of two thousand of the best ministers of the church of England by the Act of Uniformity. The canvass of the century is crowded with notable figures and mighty events. We cannot dissipate time and thought by dwelling upon the general scene. I have hinted at it only by way of furnishing a proper background. The central and most important fact is what chiefly concerns us here and now, the evolution from this *mélange* of the Puritan life which gave birth to the New England colonies, those of Long Island being among them.

At the core of the Puritan movement there was a two-fold protest—against class-privilege in church and state, and against worldliness of life. For several centuries the church of England and the great universities which were its feeders had done little for the great masses of the people. The church cared little or nothing for the man who plowed the fields save to be sure of receiving her tithes from his crops. All learning, whether secular or religious, was reserved as the peculiar privilege of the uppermost stratum of society. Church and aristocracy were bound together in closest

alliance—were almost identified, indeed, in their mutual and exclusive devotion to each other's interests. They would christen, marry, and bury the poor rustic at the times respectively appropriate for such slender services, provided the appropriate fees were forthcoming, and God might take care of his soul. Sir James Stephen, surely an unprejudiced witness, tells only the sober truth when he says: "To the great, the learned, the worldly-wise, the church for three centuries afforded a resting-place and a refuge. But a long interval elapsed before the national temples and hierarchy were consecrated to the nobler end of enlightening the ignorant and administering comfort to the poor. Rich beyond all Protestant rivalry in sacred literature, the Church of England, from the days of Parker to those of Laud, had scarcely produced any one considerable work of popular instruction. The reigns of Whitgift, Bancroft, and Laud were unmolested by any cares so rude as those of evangelizing the artisans and peasantry. Jewell and Bull, Hall and Donne, Hooker and Taylor, lived and wrote for their peers, and for future ages, but not for the commonalty of their own." * But Puritanism created a new era. It did something far greater than bring in the commonwealth politically. It revealed "the Republic of God," and insisted upon the blessings of Christianity as the rightful possession of all human souls—the "commonwealth"—in which no man can claim a share to the exclusion of his lowliest neighbor. *The Pilgrim's Progress* threw open not only the mansions of the Celestial City, but all the immunities and privileges to be found by the way to the tinkers of Bedford. And the *Saint's Everlasting Rest* brought the brightest cheer and the most lustrous hopes of the Gospel of the blessed God into the cabin of the humblest weaver of Kidderminster. No wonder our grandmothers were wont to keep these old Puritan books where you and I used to see them in our childhood upon the stand along with the old family Bible, and venerate them with an almost equal reverence. The movement was also a protest against worldliness, formalism, and immorality of life.

With our Puritan forefathers, religion and the church meant supremely personal religion and obedience to the personal conscience. "It meant truth and righteousness, obedience and purity, reverence and intelligence everywhere—in the family and in the field, in the shop and in the meeting-house, in the pulpit and on the bench. When they came here it meant compassion and charity toward the savages among whom they found themselves, and good works as the daily outcome of their faith." † I have heard it

* Sir James Stephen's *Miscellanies*, Essay on the *Life and Times of Richard Baxter*.

† Bishop H. C. Potter, Address before the New England Society, New York, December 23, 1878.

hinted that the Puritan was an uncomfortable neighbor, a hard man to get along with. The fact, if it were a fact, came out of this protest of which I have spoken. A half-dozen unimpeachable yard-sticks, I take it, would make uncomfortable companions in a load of very crooked cord-wood. The moral law is an uncomfortable thing in an immoral community, because by it is the knowledge of sin. But it is too late in the day to set up a defense of the Puritans. They need none. Their works have gloriously followed them. We may be content to leave the charges of the past to the records of history. The gross and festering scurrilities of Hudibras are abundantly offset by the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Paradise Lost*, and the *Saint's Rest*. John Winthrop and William Brewster and Abraham Pierson: there are no names of kings or courtiers in the seventeenth century to rival these in brightness—none that in passing have left behind them a track of beauty and of blessing more lustrous, more beneficent, more permanent. We may claim it, for it is easy of demonstration, yet the seeds of our liberty, our toleration, our free institutions, our church not established by law, but establishing itself in the hearts of men, were all in the simple and single devotion to the truth, so far as it was revealed to them, which was the supreme characteristic of our Puritan forefathers.

For two centuries and more the old Puritan spirit and the old Puritan life have been maintained to a very remarkable degree in these eastern towns. It has largely constituted their charm for those who have been so fortunate as to stray in upon them from the outside world. They have been like sheltered nooks of quiet and undisturbed repose to the townsman wearied by the rub and tear of a more compact and secular life. Our Eastern towns owing to their insular position have been comparatively isolated. Their inhabitants, marrying much among themselves, have strongly preserved hereditary traits and traditions. They have been most naïvely and attractively *sui generis*. The influence of these broad, level lands and open-eyed skies has been kindly to the preservation of a religious and worshipful temper never found so dominant where men are shut in between narrow walls of city or even of mountain life. The sailor life of such a large proportion of the population has also conspired to hold the common thought in intercourse with infinity and eternity. The hard work upon the farm and the livelihood wrested from the waves have alike nursed the sterner virtues of prudence, economy and independence.

But the war and the railroad have made a new Long Island. Life is becoming more various and complex, and more completely assimilated to the life of the world. I suppose there are rustlers now in the streets which once knew nothing more lively than Deacon John White's "schooner," or Cap-

tain Bill Green's new horse. There is certainly a new Southampton. And with all our laudation of the past to-day, I do not suppose that any of us desire that the good old town should be remanded to the Puritan times. Many things that were good in their day ought to become obsolete. "God fulfills himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world." It is not the good old customs that need to be preserved, but the good old spirit. The essentials of true life never change; the forms of life are ever variable. Water, air, light, retain through the ages the identity of their composition. The cup, the wind, the lamp, will be adaptable. Out of the old-time life there has come down a shining current of thought, power, purity, and moral energy. That current, however it may broaden, deepen, strengthen, and cut for itself new channels, must not be interrupted. Our business is to see to it that these same elements which made our fathers what they were and gave us whatsoever virtues we possess, shall go on into the future.

And now permit me to use the few moments that remain to me, in urging upon you the importance of guarding with some greater care the vouchers of your noble descent, the memorials of your venerable history. Our gratitude to-day ought to materialize in an endeavor, which shall reach down into the future. Lord Macaulay has said that "any people who are indifferent to the noble achievements of remote ancestors, are not likely to achieve anything worthy to be remembered by their descendants." I am sure, from what I have seen both at home and abroad, that there is no force to hold a community up to virtue like a perpetual impression of noble descent. The memorials of the fathers are the safeguards of the children. The thought of Westminster Abbey fired the heroism of Nelson at the battle of the Nile. The crossed swords in Prescott's study did not make a soldier of Prescott, but they nursed in him a brave, heroic spirit which enabled him under sorest calamity to win the choicest victories in the battle of a scholar's life. Many of our town's most precious memorials have vanished forever.

Our fathers were too busy in planting and colonizing, in wresting life from hard conditions, to think much about leaving behind them personal souvenirs. We have few of their portraits, few of their letters, few of the books they handled, few of the household materials which ministered to the narrow comforts of their life. The golden opportunities for constructing the infant history of our colony have for the most part passed away. Those which remain ought to be seized with the greatest avidity. Negligence here and now is criminal. Much has been done by the intelligent and reverent researches of Judge Hedges, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Pelletreau.

Two hundred and fifty years from to-day the men of Southampton will be more grateful for their work, if possible, than we are. A noble beginning has been made in the *History of Southampton* and the printing of the town records, worth more than their weight in gold. It makes one shiver to think how those priceless pages from generation to generation were moved about in an old wooden chest from one garret to another, now to a grocery store, and now to a shop, and now to some farmer's bedroom, subjected to the contingencies of flames and to the certainty of rats. "After us the deluge!"

The present era of historical criticism is giving us back the ages that were beyond the flood, showing us the habitations men lodged in, the garments they wore, the food they ate, the language they spoke, their method of social intercourse, and the sort of government under which they lived. They have resurrected the Pharaoh of the Exodus and given us his photograph. I would give more to see the face of Abraham Pierson and to get a vision of the life of Old Town as it was in 1645. But alas for us! It is far easier for us to get a picture of Zoar or Nebuchadnezzar. Now let us remember that as we feel about the memorials of the settlers the men of the generations to come will feel interested in us. We owe a debt both to the past and to the future, which it is high time for us to begin to pay. Pardon me. We *have begun*—but only begun. Shall I give you an outline of what ought to be in this fine old town, of what it will be a shame by and by if it is not, in this oldest English town of the empire state, *pace* Dr. Whitaker?

First then I would like to see the fairest lot of land to be found between Long Springs and the beach devoted to a memorial use. Spare an acre or two from your generous farms, upon it to be erected a modest but dignified structure of stone or of brick, fire-proof, which shall contain primarily a public library. Mr. Howell and Mr. Pelletreau, how much do I owe to that old district library that used to be kept in Captain Harry Halsey's back kitchen! It did not do as much perhaps to fit us for college examinations as the old academy, but that back kitchen was the porch through which we entered into the knowledge of good literature. Let the library room serve also as a memorial hall in which tablets shall be placed inscribed with the names of the first colonists, the names, so far as they can now be recovered, of those who served in the wars of the Revolution and of 1812, and above all, of those who enlisted in the war for the preservation of the Republic. Let those be thus remembered also who have deserved well of the old town for their conspicuous service, whether in civil, judicial, or executive relations. Let a place be provided also in the building for the town clerk's office and for the preservation of its records. Then into this

repository let every native and every citizen take a pride in gathering whatever shall preserve the memory of the past or throw a light upon its life. The place and time to begin are here and now.

Begin with to-day and work backward as fast and as far as possible. Let the records of this notable anniversary be religiously preserved. Is there in existence a complete file of our town's breezy little newspaper, the *Sea-Side Times*? Believe me if it is not gathered at once, in a few years it will be utterly impossible. What would not a perfect file of the old *Suffolk Gazette*, the *Sag Harbor Corrector*, or of its younger contemporary be worth? Do you know that for thirty years without a break the old *Daboll's Almanac*, which used to hang in the chimney corner of every farmhouse, gave the names of ships owned in the port of Sag Harbor, their tonnage, the names of their agents, the names of their commanders and their last date of sailing? Who has a file of them covering that thirty years from '44 to '74? I would like to see a complete set of the school-books used by my old grandfather Squire Herrick during the long time that he served in the two-fold capacity of pedagogue and town clerk, to say nothing of the primers and horn-books of a remoter age. But I cannot even find a *Peter Parley's Geography* with its wonderful poetry,

"This world is round and like a ball,
Goes swinging through the air,
The atmosphere surrounds it all,
And stars are shining there,"

which I used to study wearily in the long summer afternoons in the dame-school of good Mrs. Proud. Who can furnish a complete list of Dr. Wilson's printed discourses—two on the death of President Harrison, one on the Rev. Samuel Huntting, one of our most beloved young townsmen, who died when he had barely assumed the pastorate of our sister church of East Hampton, one on Rev. Amzi Francis, and various thanksgiving and fast-day discourses? And the sermons of Mr. Bogart, to go no further back, that polished gentleman and ripe scholar whom we Yankees wooed and won from the Dutch at the West. Where are the *Journals of our Early Whalers*? Where, O where, is the log-book of Captain Mercator Cooper on that historic voyage which gave to Southampton the honor of opening up Japan and introducing the wonderful people to the family of nations? Where are preserved the portraits of Judges Halsey and Rose, *par nobile fratrium*, and I may ask also, of his honor the orator-in-chief of our anniversary? The best materials for the construction of future history are evanescent. I make a plea for their salvation in behalf of those who come after us. They cost little or nothing at the time of their issue, their loss

is utterly irreparable. Let me note this fact by way of encouragement, a fact abundantly verified in my own experience, of which if there were time I could give you abundant and most romantic illustration. Whenever an individual or a community fairly enters upon this work of preserving the memorials of the past, a sort of whirlpool current is created about the collection which rapidly brings in the rarest materials, even from the most distant and unpromising quarters. Gradually the past will be restored, the lost will be found. Long-hidden treasures will leap from their hiding-places to find their companions and congenial associates. To him that hath shall be given, *but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath*. How much of value has been thrown away for want of a place to keep it! The spaces upon your shelves or in your cases will appeal powerfully to generous possessors. In the long run things tend to go where they are greatly wanted and where they ought to be. Thus gradually there will come to be in our midst nothing less than a sort of village university, at once a centre and fountain of reverend and patriotic influences, a fostering nurse of affectionate veneration for the past, of brotherly feeling and social good-will for the present, of generous forethought for the great future, whose generations will bless us in the coming centuries as to-day we bless the memory of our goodly ancestors.

Sam^l E. Herrick

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

SOUTHAMPTON IN HISTORY

No town on the American continent has led a more unostentatious and uneventful career than Southampton, Long Island, yet in celebrating its two hundred and fiftieth birth-year it has stepped securely into public notice with a record of conspicuous interest. Its antiquity gives it the lead among its fellows. Judge Henry P. Hedges, in his historical address on the 12th of June, 1890, pronounces it "the earliest and first born of the English-settled towns on Long Island and in the state of New York, dissipating myth and conjecture and doubt, commencing the earliest of any town on Long Island, continuing in unbroken succession to the present day. Wider reflection, ampler research and crucial controversy confirm this title."

In 1640 the eastern part of Long Island was only a flat and weird wilderness inhabited by untutored Indians. A few brave young pioneers who had paused in Lynn, Massachusetts, before determining upon a permanent location of residence, crossed the waters of the sound under the auspices of James Farrett, agent of the Earl of Stirling, who had been granted the whole of Long Island by the Plymouth Company in England and who was anxious to sell his lands to parties who would found permanent settlements. The Dutch of New York were surprised and indignant as they claimed that entire territory; but they were chiefly occupied in maintaining possession of the western part of Long Island, thus could give little heed to what was going on in the more distant forests. "This lone colony at Southampton," said Judge Hedges, "remote from any other English settlement, divided by Peconic bay from Southold and yet further removed from the island stronghold of staunch Lyon Gardiner, surrounded by wild beasts and wild Indians, was like a ship adrift on the ocean, its company uncommanded, unofficered, undisciplined, its course undetermined, its voyage undecided, its destiny unknown. Will the company select and submit to the command of the best men? Will they enforce discipline?" He proceeded to describe their primitive houses and plans for tilling the soil. "Edward Howell, first of all the company styled 'gentleman,' seems to have been the most wealthy, and the father of the colony. Before the erection of a church edifice, Sabbath worship may have been held at his house, as the amplest for the purpose. As early as 1645 allusion is made in the town records to a church previously built, probably in 1641. Abraham Pierson, the first minister, held to the exclusive right of

the church to govern in both church and state. Going back in fancy a little less than five half centuries to some bright Sabbath morning we might see some forty rude dwellings sheltering as many families, compactly clustered on either side of the then Southampton street, each dwelling fortified by inclosures of palisades, and all guarded by like surrounding fortifications. Near the centre are both watch-house and church. The rolling drum-beat of Thomas Sayre calls the worshipers. Parents, preceding children and servants, move to the church. The deacons sit fronting the audience, who are seated according to rank and station, the men and women divided by a centre line. The soldiers, with their arms, are placed conveniently for defense near the door. Minister Pierson, serious, spiritual, severe, just, learned, logical, positive, presides over the assembly. With solemn air they await his utterance. With accent stern he invokes that Jehovah who thundered from Sinai.*

The political organizing governing genius of these pioneers shone conspicuously in their town meetings. This meeting was composed of that body of freemen accepted as such by the voters of themselves and those only. It was required that a freeman be twenty-one years of age, of 'sober and peaceable conversation, orthodox in the fundamentals of religion and have a rateable estate of the value of £20.' The suffrage was limited, but not so far as to prevent the government in the main from being the wisest expression of the popular will. Six freemen and one magistrate being present constituted a quorum for business. This town meeting, called the 'General Court,' because, in the first instance, it tried important cases above the magistrates' jurisdiction and heard appeals from their decisions, elected all town officers, and when convened for such election, was called a 'court of election.' Of necessity the court must exercise powers of the widest scope, comprising subjects domestic, foreign, civil, martial, military, commercial, religious, national, sovereign.

The colony swung free and, solitary as an orb in space, must control itself or fall. Practically it did so govern. If an unwelcome inhabitant sought to intrude himself into their community they would not accept him as such. Whom they would they accepted and whom they would they rejected. A power as sovereign as that of naturalization they exercised without scruple or doubt, and often forbade the entrance of convicts and tramps into their community. No drone was allowed in their hive. No

* Rev. Abraham Pierson was a graduate from Trinity college, Cambridge, in 1632; he remained six or seven years in Southampton, and then removed to Connecticut, becoming in 1668 the first minister of Newark, New Jersey. His son, Rev. Abraham Pierson, born in 1645, in Southampton, became celebrated for classical learning and was chosen the first president of Yale college.

crime escaped its prescribed penalty. The records abound in instances of the exercise of the highest powers. If an inhabitant desired to sell his land to a stranger, unless allowed by the town, he could no more then invest an alien with title than he can now do so under our present law of escheat. The town meeting moved with the momentum of the many, and put down private and personal opposition. Fist law and shotgun law and chaos failed. Town meeting reigned. Some of the most strong-willed, pugnacious, combative souls that first trod this continent tried their individual strength against the collected will of the town. The beating wave no more moves the unshaken rock than the individual wave of wrath moved the town meeting from its position."

The relations of the founders of Southampton with the Indians were generally peaceful; but there came a time when "Southampton and the neighboring towns of Southold and Easthampton were all within the savage scheme of universal extermination of the whites, and devoted to destruction. Lyon Gardiner, hero of Saybrook Fort, first English planter resident in the state of New York, and Wyandanch, great sachem of Montauk and finally of the whole island, were fast friends to each other and to the whites. It is not improbable that their aid alone saved these towns from destruction. The blood of the sachem has long been extinct."

George R. Howell, A.M., of the New York State Library followed Judge Hedges with an able and ornate address on "Our Puritan Ancestors," after which William S. Pelletreau, A.M., spoke of the "Changes in Social and Family Life," saying, among other things: "The stranger who visits these ancient towns cannot fail to notice, first of all, the solid and substantial nature of the dwellings that remain as relics of the days when the settlement was in its infancy. Houses still exist that sheltered men who could remember the dawn of our history. One, the oldest of all, has passed into two centuries of existence, and with care and attention may see another. From the earliest settlement down to the present day every man owned his land in fee simple absolute. When a man built his house he did it not only with the assurance of enjoying its shelter while life to him remained, but with an equal assurance of transmitting it to his descendants. Now, when we look upon these ancient houses, with their massive frames and solid covering, that have withstood the storms of two centuries, it is not 'because timber was plenty and they might just as well use it as not,' but because the men who built them knew that they were building for posterity. The highest officers of the town were the magistrates, the constable and the captain of the train band. To the first of these, as justice of the peace, honor and respect have been justly given

through the long period that has elapsed down to the present day, and the office for two centuries and a half has been filled by men who have commanded the respect and esteem of their fellow-citizens. But it would be curious indeed to trace the office of constable. It was a high office when the town was independent. It was higher still when under the dominion of the Duke of York. The 'Court of the Constable and Overseers' was the highest tribunal of the town and the constable was the head of the tribunal. He was on a level with the minister, which was saying a great deal in those times. A curious illustration of this is found in the record of the laying out of Hog Neck, in 1680, when it was expressly stipulated that no man should sell his lot to any one who was not approved of by the minister and constable."

Some curious statistics in relation to lawyer's fees were given, Mr. Pelletreau saying: "When Rev. Dr. Woolsey, of Yale college, traveled through Long Island in the early part of this century he reports that no lawyer had ever yet been able to get a living in Suffolk county. One day, when this century was young, there was a boat on the shore of Mecox bay and some oysters in it. There was also disputed ownership, high words, a quarrel, a fight, and a suit for assault and battery—all these followed in natural and rapid succession. The defendant hastened to Abraham T. Rose, then just fledged as a lawyer and ready to defend injured innocence for a consideration. The suit came off in Southampton before 'Squire Jonathan Fithians, then a young justice of the peace. With the eloquence that in after years made him the bright and shining light of the Suffolk county bar, the young lawyer pleaded the cause of his client so successfully that the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty! The overjoyed but unsophisticated client promptly sought his counsel and asked his fee. He was told \$2. 'Two dollars! Heaven and airth! Why, here I have to take my hoe and hoe corn all day long for fifty cents, and you just come here and stand up and talk two hours and charge \$2! It's outrageous, and I won't pay it!' 'Very well, what will you pay?' The client's hand went down into the depths of his trousers' pocket, forked out an eel-skin purse, and taking fifty cents, tendered it as the 'fair thing.' The young lawyer accepted it, and both adjourned to Herrick Rogers's bar-room, where it was quickly exchanged for 'liquid refreshments,' of which the client had a full share, and that was the end of the first lawyer's fee we have any account of in the village."

The brilliant address of the Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, D.D., of Boston, on this occasion, has been given in full on another page of this magazine.

MINOR TOPICS

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW ON THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR

In his great speech at Chicago, on the 5th of June, 1890, Mr. Depew said : "We have been passing through a period of centennials, with a passion for crowding events into century packages and labeling and stowing them away for reference at the end of the next hundred years. It is a singular coincidence that this exhibition, with only a four years' interval, will be the centennial of the first international fair. Nothing has more clearly marked the development of this extraordinary century than the growth of these international exhibitions. Steam and electricity have made them possible, and the inventions have enriched them beyond the dreams of all the ages since the dawn of history.

Prince Albert opened the great World's Fair in the Crystal Palace in 1851, with the declaration 'that the time had come to prepare for a great exhibition, not merely national in its conception and benefits, but comprehensive of the whole world.' To it came 6,000,000 visitors. In 1861, again, London was the scene of another exhibition with 6,200,000 visitors. The French, in 1867, held their exhibition, with still increasing numbers and interest, and the world's last effort at Paris, in 1889, was housed in buildings costing \$11,000,000, with 30,000,000 people crowding their booths and avenues. The most successful of the exhibitions since 1828 showed a handsome profit, and the most disastrous, that of Vienna in 1873, on account of the depression caused by the panic of that year, resulted in a deficiency of \$9,000,000, which was made up by the government; but the Austrians and Hungarians have ever since regarded it as the best investment ever made by their country, because it brought their products into notice and opened for them the markets of the world.

The Columbus quadri-centennial celebration will be the only one within recorded time in which all the world can cordially and fraternally unite. It is not sacrilege to say that the two events to which civilization to-day owes its advanced position are the introduction of Christianity and the discovery of America. The dynamic forces of our Christian faith, in the destruction of the buttresses of bigotry and oppression, and the leveling up of the masses to common rights, could never have worked such marvelous results except for the opportunities of a new country and an untrammelled population. When Columbus sailed from Palos types had been discovered, but church and state held intelligence by the throat. The compass had opened the pathway across the seas, but feudalism had its foot upon the neck of commerce. Hopeless ignorance and helpless poverty were so burdened by caste and customs, laws and traditions, that liberty lay bound and

gagged within impregnable prison walls. But Puritans and Catholics, Huguenots and Lutherans, English, Dutch, German and French, Swedes, most of them fleeing for liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, willing to sacrifice every material advantage and every earthly prospect for a civil and religious liberty, and all of them seeking commercial freedom, followed the track of Columbus to the new world. Here was neither king nor noble, neither caste nor privilege. The distance was too great for paternal supervision, and self-government became the absolute necessity of the colonies. With no guide but God, and no constitution but the Bible, they worked out upon this continent, after many hardships and trials and tribulations, the problem of the equality of all men before the law. They founded institutions which have withstood the test of foreign invasion, of political passions, of party strifes, of individual ambition, and the shock of the mightiest civil war the world has ever seen.

The influences of their successful experiment, following the lines of fraternal blood back to the countries from which they came, have revolutionized and liberalized the governments of the globe. The triumph of the principles of civil and religious liberty upon this continent, the beneficial effects of the common school, and the universal diffusion of education, have done more than all other agencies in uplifting mankind to higher planes of independence and happiness. The children, the grandchildren, and the great-grandchildren of Great Britain and France, of Germany and Italy, of Spain and Russia, of Scandinavia, and of all the nations of Europe, will say to their kindred in the fatherland: 'Welcome, thrice welcome, to our states and homes; come and see and learn,' and then will the era of peace and liberty dawn upon the world.

Columbus stands deservedly at the head of that most useful band of men—the heroic cranks in history. The persistent enthusiast whom one generation despises as a lunatic with one idea, succeeding ones often worship as a benefactor. The ragged navigator at the gate of the palace of Castile and Aragon outranks in fame and beneficent endeavor all the kings and statesmen and soldiers, not only of his own period, but also of those which have come after. New continents beyond the ocean, which should become the seat of great empires, and whose wealth would redeem the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem from the infidel, and evangelize the world, were the dream of Columbus. Sustained enthusiasm has been the motor of every movement in the progress of mankind. Genius, pluck, endurance and faith can be resisted by neither kings nor cabinets. The triumph of Columbus is a superb practical illustration of the Apostle Paul's tribute to the power of faith. His lofty spirit and great purpose were undismayed by obstacles, defeat was an incentive to new endeavor, and he so carried his poverty that in the most brilliant court in Europe it seemed a decoration. While following Ferdinand and Isabella in their campaigns against the Moors, seeking an audience and a hearing for his grand scheme, small indeed seemed the battles, the sieges and the victories which absorbed the attention of the hour. The armored chivalry of Spain, her

marching squadrons, her gorgeous court appeared to him the petty pageantry which stood between the royal ear and the discovery of a world. The most romantic picture of the period was Boabdil, last of the Moorish kings, coming out from Granada and on bended knee surrendering to Ferdinand and Isabella the keys to the city, while the cross rose above the crescent upon the towers of the Alhambra. While all Europe was ringing with acclaim over this expulsion of the Mussulman, to one proud and lofty figure standing aloof and unmoved it seemed of trivial importance compared with the grander conquest so clearly outlined before his vision.

It was a happy omen of what America could do for woman that when statesman and prelate alike had rejected the appeal of Columbus as visionary, and the king had dismissed it with chilling courtesy, Isabella comprehended the discoverer's idea, saw the opportunities of his success, appreciated the magnitude of the results to her throne and to the world, and pledged not only her royal favor, but her fortune and her jewels to the enterprise. The American woman with her property rights guaranteed by American law, with her equal position and independence, with her unequaled opportunities for higher education and for usefulness, can say with pride to her brother, her lover, and her husband, 'You owe America to me.'

Let this International Fair be held ; let the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus be celebrated ; let it be commemorated by an industrial exhibition grander in extent and volume than any ever seen before ; let the Old World know what their children have done in the New ; let the Stars and Stripes float from every roof and turret and flagstaff ; let the bands announce the opening and closing of the fair each day with the inspiring strains of our national anthem, and we will separate from this grand communion impressed more deeply than ever before with the fact that the proudest title on earth is that of American citizen."

GENERAL ROGERS DEFENDS RHODE ISLAND

In a notable oration at the centennial anniversary of Rhode Island's adoption of the Constitution, in Providence, on the 29th of May, General Horatio Rogers said : "Detractors have sometimes ascribed Rhode Island's procrastination in adopting the federal Constitution to a general low plane of patriotism pervading her character. Her record during the memorable struggle for independence from Great Britain proves that such an assumption is utterly without foundation. In 1783 the Continental Loan office accounts show that only four states had contributed more to the public treasury than Rhode Island, diminutive as she was ; and in proportion to population none could compare with her. But it has been urged that the delegates from Rhode Island were very delinquent, at the last, in attending

the continental congress. This was rather the fault of the members than of the state, for the delegates were duly elected, and, if they neglected their duties, they but followed the example of members from other states. At one period Rhode Island was the most radical, and at another the most conservative, of all the old thirteen colonies or states. The colonial charter of Rhode Island, likewise, was unsurpassed in liberality. That of Connecticut alone approached it; in these two colonies only, until after independence, were the governors elected by the people. So liberal were the royal charters of these two colonies that they alone survived the revolution, Connecticut abandoning her charter in 1818, and Rhode Island clinging to hers till 1842. Her people and her representatives have always exerted a stronger direct influence on governmental affairs, and still exert it, than any other colony or state, and nowhere was, or still is, there a greater jealousy of official or other centralized power. Until within a very few years the people directly, or through their representatives in general assembly, elected all their officers, and only recently has the governor, to any considerable extent, been invested by statute with an appointing power. Nowhere has town government been so rigidly adhered to. Even in Connecticut state senators are now elected from districts, regardless of town lines, and in Massachusetts county officers have charge of probate matters and the recording of deeds. Nowhere on the face of the earth, Great Britain and her colonies not excepted, do the old English common-law forms of procedure and practice prevail to such an extent as in the courts of Rhode Island. The very liberality of her cardinal principle and of her royal charter seems to have made her fearful of losing what of liberty she had gained; so the radicalism of her early days has reacted upon her, producing an intense conservatism.

Rhode Island was by no means the only state where deep-rooted opposition to the constitution existed. . . . Rhode Island never opposed union. On the contrary, she always favored it, being among the first to propose it, and as we have seen, she was the second of all the states to instruct her delegates in congress to ratify the articles of confederation providing for a perpetual union. She had performed her duty as well as most of the states, and in the struggle for independence she had been second to none. Her state sovereignty had been planted in exile and fostered by persecution; its corner-stone rested on sole liberty, and its preservation and integrity had been assured only by her sturdy resistance to the aggressions of her neighbors, and she was unwilling to transmit to posterity either that sovereignty impaired, or with the right to impair it vested in three-fourths of her sister states. Having once entered the constitutional union, Rhode Island has loyally adhered to it, and the blood of her sons has been lavishly shed and the money in her treasury has been bountifully expended in preserving it. Rhode Island may be conservative and peculiar, but, if a tree is to be judged by its fruit, where can a richer harvest be found than here within her borders?"

NOTES

THE BAY PSALM BOOK NOT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM—Referring to a monograph in the May issue of this magazine on the *Bay Psalm Book* of 1640, its extreme rarity is further shown by the fact, courteously communicated by the "Keeper of the printed books," that the British museum does not possess a copy of the original edition. For this, a partial explanation may be found in the "Recollections of the late Henry Stevens," in which we are told that he had offered to the museum a copy (the gem of the Crowninshield collection) for 150 pounds sterling. But the timid librarian never had the courage to lay the offer before the trustees for acceptance and payment. After waiting five or six years, this precious volume was withdrawn by its patient owner, to be superbly bound by Bedford, taken back to America in 1868, and sold to Mr. George Brinley for 150 guineas. This was the copy for which, at the sale of that gentleman's library, \$1,200 was paid in 1878 by Cornelius Vanderbilt. It may be proper to emphasize the fact that the British museum, first in rank of the great libraries of the world, still lacks the first book in the English language both written and printed in America.

THE BREAD AND BUTTER BALL—Among the extracts from Washington's diaries in Vol. IV. of the *Memoirs of the Long Island Historical Society* is the following: "Feb. 25, 1760. Went to a ball at Alexandria, where musick and dancing was the chief entertainment.

However, in a convenient room, detached for the purpose, abounded great plenty of bread and butter, some biscuits, with tea and coffee, which the drinkers of could not distinguish from hot water sweetened. I shall therefore distinguish this ball by the stile and title of the bread and butter ball."

MOTLEY AND THE UNITED NETHERLANDS—It was while preparing his great popular work with the above title that the clever historian wrote to his mother from England: "My life is now very much within the four walls of my study. I am hard at work, but, alas, my work grows and expands around me every day. I am like the conjurer's apprentice in the German ballad, who raised a whole crowd of spectres and demons by stealing his master's wand, and then did not know how to exorcise them and get rid of them. The apparitions of the sixteenth century rise upon me, phantom after phantom, each more intrusive and threatening and appalling than the other, and I feel that I have got myself into a mob of goblins, who are likely to be too much for me. The truth is, I have laid out too much work. If I labored away, like a galley-slave at the oar, eight hours a day for the next five years, I should hardly fill up the outlines which I have chalked out."

STEPHEN WHITNEY was the grandfather of Stephen Whitney Phoenix. He is incorrectly mentioned as the uncle in the June issue, page 441.

EDITOR

QUERIES

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, FIRST GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA—I should like to make some inquiries about William Drummond, a Scotchman, who came to Virginia prior to 1659. He was a lawyer, and by appointment of the lords proprietors became, in 1664, the first governor of the colony of Albemarle, from which grew the state of North Carolina. His term of office expired in 1667, when he returned to Virginia. He resided at Jamestown, and was highly respected. He took part in the so-called "rebellion" of Bacon, in 1676, and met the fate of a martyr at the hands of the ferocious Berkeley at Williamsburg, January 20, 1677. Sarah Drummond, his wife, was as patriotic as her husband. She had several children, and was in Virginia in 1679, when she brought suit against Albemarle to recover debts due her husband there, and also against Lady Francis Berkeley as a co-trespasser with her husband in taking possession of the estate of Drummond under the alleged forfeiture for treason. I want to know what was the maiden name of Mrs. Drummond, and what became of her and her children. Did they remain in Virginia or return to England? In the volume of *Papers Relating to the History of the Church in Virginia, 1650-1776*,

edited by Rev. William Stevens Perry, page 94, I find mention made of one Mr. William Drummond, an able justice of James City court, who was struck out of the commission of the peace after he had refused to sign a "complimenting" address concerning Governor Nicholson. This was about 1700. Is this the son of the governor of Albemarle, and are any of his descendants known to be living? Is anything known of the life of Governor Drummond prior to his coming to America? Was he a relative of William Drummond, the poet of Hawthornden? Tradition says he was his son, but this is an error. Is there any memorial of him at Williamsburg, and is the place of his burial marked? Is either his autograph or portrait in existence? When was Lake Drummond so named? by whom? and was it in honor of the governor?

Any information on any of these points will help toward illustrating the career and preserving the memory of one of the proto-martyrs of the American revolution.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE.

FIRST RELIGIOUS PERIODICAL IN THE WEST—Can the title and date be obtained of the first religious periodical published in the west? BIBLIO

REPLIES

THE ISLAND OF SEVEN CITIES [xxiii. 417]—This imaginary island is the subject of one of the legends of the ocean, current in Spain and Portugal in the

fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The legend relates that in the eighth century when these countries were overrun by the Moors, seven bishops, followed by

a great number of people, took ship and fled across the ocean, seeking new homes in the unknown west. After tossing about for some time at the mercy of the waves, they at last arrived at a rich and beautiful island in the midst of the sea. Burning their ships that all hope of flight might be taken away from their followers, the bishops founded seven cities with magnificent temples and dwellings. The island is said to have been so rich that the very sand on the seashore was partly composed of gold. At various times, sailors who had seen the gleaming domes of the cities from a distance had landed on the island, but were never allowed to leave it, for the islanders feared that their retreat would be discovered by the Moors. It is also related that, reports of this mysterious island having reached Portugal, a cavalier named Don Fernando de Alma fitted out two vessels and set sail for the Canaries, in order to discover the new country. When the expedition reached the latitude of these islands the ships were separated by a storm, and that of Don Fernando was at length becalmed near an island on which he could see a fine city with towers and castle. He landed, was well received by the inhabitants, and remained as he thought for a single day; but when he returned to his native country he found that instead of a day he had spent a whole century on the magic island. It is said that the legend of this island suggested to Columbus that there might be land in the west, and it belongs to the same class as the legends relating to the Isle of St. Brandon and to Plato's Atlantis. DANIEL B. RUGGLES

HANOVER, N. H.

KITTEREEN [xxiii. 506]—Kittereen was not a vehicle, but a removable and adjustable portion of a vehicle. The name is probably derived from *kiste*, a German word for a little chest; *kistchen* is a small kind, iron-bound, with lock, as boxes under a carriage seat were made, so *kittereen* must be an Anglicised Dutch or German word for the box fitting under the hammer-cloth or box of a carriage. It was made of a peculiar wood, *kistenholz*; and *kistenful-lung* meant ordinary contents, clothes, linen, such as a German peasant gave as a bridal present to his daughter. I think I thus show the proper derivation of *kittereen*, *kiste*, coffer; *kistje*, little coffer. Kit is applied to a package covering necessities for traveling, just as a *kittereen* might be supposed to contain equivalent requirements for stable uses and perhaps horse-covering, etc.

ANCHOR

STEPHEN MOYLAN [xxiii. 414-415]—Professor Super of Ohio university writes in relation to the name Noylan signed to the original letters, copies of which he contributed to the May magazine, that it was impossible to determine from the writings that the name was Moylan. He is now convinced of the fact, and wishes the correction made.

Moylan, not "Noylan" [xxiii. 414-415]—Stephen Moylan (not Noylan) was in the commissariat department of the Continental army before Boston in 1775; he was evidently the writer of the letters given on pp. 414 and 415 of your May number. Brigadier-General Moylan served with credit in the revolution.

A PHILADELPHIAN

SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—The last meeting of the season was held on June 3d, the Hon. John A. King presiding; Prince Bismarck of Germany and Jules Simon of the French academy were elected honorary members. Mr. Joseph W. Lawrence of St. John, N. B., was elected a corresponding member.

Mr. L. B. Proctor of Albany, the well-known student of political history, read a valuable and interesting paper entitled "Comparative View of Daniel D. Tompkins and De Witt Clinton in the Political Arena." The society adjourned to meet the first Tuesday in October next.

THE CINCINNATI—The triennial meeting of the General Society of the Order of the Cincinnati was held in the hall of the Maryland Historical Society in Baltimore, on Wednesday, May 7, 1890.

In the absence, by reason of a recent accidental injury, of the venerable and honorable Hamilton Fish, president-general, Ex-Governor Robert M. McLane the vice-president-general, presided. Prayer having been offered by the Right Reverend William Stevens Perry, D.D. (*Oxon.*), L.L.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Iowa, one of the chaplains-general, the Maryland State Society of Cincinnati was announced, and the members filed in, and an address of welcome was made by the vice-president of that society, Mr. Otho Holland Williams, and responded to by the vice-president-general.

The Maryland Cincinnati, in their desire to be hospitable, laid out a programme—which included luncheon each

day in the picture gallery of the Maryland Historical Society, and a banquet on the first evening of the assemblage at the Hotel Rennert.

On the second day a special train took the members to Washington, where they were joined by the secretaries of war and navy and chief clerk of state department, in unavoidable absence of the secretary of state. After being shown the new torpedo-boat *Cushing*, the party embarked on the United States steamer *Despatch*, upon which luncheon was served, and proceeded to Mount Vernon. Here the services were impressive, including prayers at Washington's tomb by Bishop Perry and a brief address by the vice-president-general, followed by a formal meeting and the transaction of business in the banquetting hall of the Washington Mansion. The party returned to Washington on the *Despatch*, where a special train awaited them for Baltimore. In the evening the privileges of the several clubs were extended to the delegates. Friday, May 9, terminated the business of the triennial meeting, and in the evening the University Club gave a reception to which the members were invited.

Much business of a necessary character was transacted at this triennial. The applications of gentlemen in Connecticut and Virginia for permission to revive those state societies, long since extinct, were taken into consideration and a special committee appointed to investigate and report at the next meeting. Among other matters a recommendation was made to the commission having in

charge the erection of the Lafayette monument in Washington, as to the names of French officers who held United States commissions in the revolution to be placed on the cartouche. Also that the unsightly statue of Andrew Jackson in Lafayette square be removed to some other locality, and Lafayette's statue substituted in its stead in the square named in his honor.

The next triennial was appointed to be held in Boston, Massachusetts, on the third Wednesday in May, 1893. From the reports received, it appears that the order was never in a more prosperous condition, and that applications almost without number are made for admissions which cannot be favorably considered because of the specific limitations fixed by the officers of the revolution in their beloved "institution" of 1783.

The general officers were re-elected unanimously: president-general, Hon. Hamilton Fish, L.L.D.; vice-president-general, Hon. Robert Milligan McLane; secretary-general, Hon. Asa Bird Gardiner, L.L.D.; treasurer-general, Mr. John Schuyler, C.E.; assistant treasurer-general, Mr. Herman Burgin, M.D. Mr. Thomas Pinckney Lowndes, of South Carolina, grandson of Lieutenant-Colonel (afterward Brigadier-General) William Washington, Third Regiment Continental Light Dragoons, was chosen assistant secretary-general *vice* Major Richard I. Manning, deceased.

ROCHESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY—At the regular monthly meeting held May 9, at the house of Gilman H. Perkins, Mr. George T. Moss read a paper upon "Early Transportation." This was

followed by most interesting reminiscences, given by the company generally, of the old *Red-Bird* packet days, the captains, and the many episodes of travel on "the raging canal."

RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY—The commissioner of public works, John A. Coleman, occupied the platform of the Rhode Island Historical Society on the evening of April 15, and addressed the members and their friends upon "A Branch of Mechanical Industry in this State." He said: "If I understand the history of Rhode Island correctly, it was originally a commercial state, and Newport was the rival of New York. But in due course of time the wealth that came in this way sought other channels, and Rhode Island took to manufacturing. The cotton industry was established with water power, which was followed in its natural order by steam." Speaking of the growth of the steam-engine and the improvements made by Corliss, he said, "Corliss has affected the mechanical world more than any other man since the time of James Watt." The lecturer referred also to the tribute received from Scott Russell, the great engine builder, and to the first medal awarded by the emperor of Austria at the Vienna Exhibition, although Corliss was not represented. In conclusion he took up the question of the reduction of the tariff on iron and argued that the iron industries of this state were not failing. Several of the members, finding it a theme upon which they could revel in reminiscences, prolonged the meeting.

HISTORIC AND SOCIAL JOTTINGS

Successful authorship is attracting more and more attention as writers multiply, and some of the best thinkers of the age are discussing its causes and its obstructions. The mere desire often leads an ambitious scholar to the impression that it is quite easy to become an author, and a few pages are dashed off and sent to some editor under the delusion that it will bring by return mail a check of fabulous magnitude. Fitness for authorship is not once taken into consideration, and when the manuscript instead of a check comes back the disappointment is intense. Mr. T. W. Higginson has recently shown in an able essay that the literary profession is no exceptional or extraordinary vocation, but stands on the same basis as any other business, that of earnest, faithful and honest hard work, guided by intelligent common sense. A talent for writing well does not of itself insure fame or money; themes must be chosen with care and exact knowledge of what has already been placed before the public, and then must be so critically studied as to be treated in a way that will meet the want of the world.

One of the chief obstructions to the success of a young author is the counting of words with an eye to the price thereof. In the language of Maurice Thompson: "Safely may it be said no man ever succeeded in any learned profession, if he practiced it chiefly for the acquisition of money. The aim must be to excel on merit, to win through mastery, to compel by force of supreme wisdom in the field of legitimate effort, to overlook others by acquiring absolute vision. Money is the secondary aim; it is merely the reward claimed after the feat is accomplished; the feat itself is the true goal of ambition. This, it seems to me, is not so well understood to-day as it was fifty or a hundred years ago among aspirants to literary distinction. The reward has obscured the achievement for which it was offered. The flourishing author is usually the author who is in love with his art; but is not this true with the lawyer, the tailor, and the horse-trader as well? No half-hearted devotion to business, no matter in what line, will achieve what will come to the enthusiastic, never-resting, self-absorbed worker who loves his vocation better than his life. Self-consecration is the proof of what one's nature finds most desirable, and this, too, is the best guaranty of success."

The words of Mrs. Clarence E. Beebe, president of the Young Women's Christian Association of New York, in presenting diplomas to the graduates in stenography and other classes at the recent commencement exercises, are applicable to all workers in every sphere of industry, literature, of course, included: "Your work must never be made secondary to your means of maintenance. First your excellent work, first your honest service, first your employer's interests, last of all the gain. You as working women must sacredly uphold the standard of careful work; you must shrink from inaccuracy and carelessness as you would from a charge of theft. What is your capital in this undertaking? Is it credit given you by those who sympathize with your anxieties, is it your promissory notes, when your capabilities shall be ranked at your own valuation; does your mind hold only these idle bonds, or have you, as I hope and trust, the valuable securities of self-

control and self-denial, industry and ambition, patience and promptness, perseverance and attention? Choose your niche, select it as carefully as for a life's companion, and then take it for better or worse. Fill it until you have outgrown it, remembering that faithfulness in that which is least always marks the soul capable of higher honors. Idealize the places you fill until they hold for you the satisfaction of content. Put your love into your work. 'Tis that which makes it liberty. Love the needles until they are glorified by your spirit. You begin by learning rules and you forget their dogmatism by observing them."

Another obstruction to successful authorship is the mistaken notion that four or five hours a day gives sufficient time for application to any literary aspirant for honors and emoluments—with vacations of days and weeks supplied liberally. Says one of our eminent essayists: "Why should a literary laborer expect that he is going to play half the year and yet prosper in his vocation? Does the successful lawyer follow that plan? Go to the merchant, the civil engineer, the physician, and the real-estate agent, and see if they make a competent income without constant labor, and wise, thoughtful attention to the details of business. If a man has force, let him learn to control it with the wisdom of common sense. If his force flows in a literary direction, let him inquire of its volume and compass, so that he may not set it to turning a machine too heavy or too complicated for its capacity, and most of all let him not expect that he can sell literary bran for the same price that is paid for extra fine, roller-process, prize-wheat flour from the golden mills of genius."

Among the well-known men of letters of the past quarter of a century the late Oliver Bell Bunce will go into history as having given more words of sterling advice and criticism and more substantial aid and inspiration to young literary aspirants than any other scholar of his time. He always spoke from the standpoint of experience, combined with observation and astute judgment. Born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1828, he lost his father when about eleven years of age, and his chief inheritance was a taste for literary pursuits which developed under the influence and guardianship of his mother, a lady of culture and great strength and symmetry of character. There was a vein of literary aptitude and creative genius running through the ancestral blood, and a marked tendency toward the book-making art in every generation of the Bunce family, past and present. Mr. Bunce early became an industrious student, and although he never went through a college course he did not lack opportunities for mental discipline and intellectual growth. While still very young he was the author of several books, written with great directness, force, and elegance. At the age of twenty-five he formed the book publishing firm of Bunce & Brother, and became editor as well as publisher of *Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' Monthly*. A few years later he was associated for a time with James G. Gregory, of the publishing firm of Gregory & Co., and was the first to produce fine illustrated books in the United States; *In the Woods*, *Forest Hymns*, and *Christmas Carols* were among the pioneers in this class.

Mr. Bunce will be remembered best, however, through his twenty-three years' connection with the firm of D. Appleton & Co. He was the editor of *Appleton's Journal* and of the *Art Journal*; while *Picturesque America*, one of the colossal successes of the age, was

projected through his suggestions, and he was intrusted with the sole control of the literary and art execution of the work. He gave personal attention to the production of the illustrations, never esteeming it economy to accept a drawing from however noted an artist which did not attain to his standard of merit, often paying large sums for sketches (because they had been ordered and the workman's time consumed) that were consigned the next instant to the waste-basket, while another's skill was put to the test in the same direction. His policy was to secure the best results without regard to cost. He overlooked the final printing with a scrutiny that was the terror of the careless employee. No haze hung over the sharp outline of his exact idea. He was running in advance of the experience of the world, and striving for a degree of excellence which he believed it was possible to reach. Nor was he mistaken. But when it was accomplished he said nothing about it, as if it were the commonest thing in the world. He was a dramatist of ability, the author of several successful plays in which prominent actors were concerned, and his little volume *Don't*, a manual of rules of conduct, has passed through innumerable editions.

Mr. Bunce was one of the most modest and unpretentious of men, and his splendid and single-minded devotion to duty elicited universal admiration and made his career a model. His sentiment of personal honor was almost a fanaticism, so strictly did it actuate every thought and motive of his life. He was of slight figure, neither tall nor short, with a keen, dark eye, and beard and mustache slightly flecked with gray. In conversation he was animated and emphatic, with a keen sense of humor, seeing into the remote causes of things, and wielding such ideas, arguments, and principles as are comparatively easy to arrange and apply. His attractive home was the favorite resort of scholars, editors, authors, poets, novelists, and artists, and all who were worthy found in him one of the truest of friends. His loveliness of character endeared him to his devoted wife and children, and a large circle of sincerely attached friends mourn his death with a sharp sense of personal bereavement. He was one of the founders of the Authors' club, and a member of the St. Nicholas society.

BOOK NOTICES

EARLY CHICAGO AND ILLINOIS. [Chicago Historical Society's Collection, Vol. IV.] Edited and annotated by EDWARD G. MASON, President of the Chicago Historical Society. 8vo, pp. 521. Fergus Printing Company, 1890, Chicago.

The best part of the work before us is its biographical sketches. Some very eminent men have been connected from time to time with this society, men of great independence of character, thought, and action. The portrait of Gurdon S. Hubbard greets us as the frontispiece to the volume, and his memoir forms the opening chapter. He erected the first building in Chicago in 1834, and was identified closely with the actual beginnings, growth, and development of that city and of the whole northwest. The sketch is written by Hon. Grant Goodrich. In the next portrait the reader meets the genial and accomplished Isaac N. Arnold, a frequent contributor to this magazine during his lifetime, and long president of the Chicago Historical society. He was a successful lawyer, standing in the very front rank of his profession, a wise legislator in both state and national affairs, a clever writer, and a speaker of wide popularity. His biographer and successor as president of the society was the Hon. E. B. Washburne, who soon followed him, and eloquent tributes were paid to the memory of the latter by General George W. Smith and William H. Bradley. Washburne was a man of national reputation, and as minister to France the story of his conduct prior to and during the siege of Paris has been so often told that it is like a household word. He was the biographer also of Judge Mark Skinner, one of Chicago's most learned and useful men, of whom he says: "So far as I can discover, with every philanthropic agency in the history of this city, broad, true, permanent in character, we find Judge Skinner associated officially, or through personal influence, or by financial aid." Another Chicago philanthropist was Philo Carpenter, whose gifts were continual for worthy enterprises, and often in very large sums. He was one of the founders and first elders of the First Presbyterian church in that city. The chapter illustrating his notable career is contributed to the volume by Rev. Henry L. Hammond. The sketches of Samuel Stone, by Mrs. William Barry, and of Pierre Menard, the first lieutenant-governor of Illinois, by Hon. H. S. Baker of Alton, Illinois, are most interesting; and the "Pierre Menard Papers" which follow contain important history. The memoir of the pioneer trader Noel le Vasseur is by Hon. Stephen R. Moore of Kan-
kakee, Illinois. Other valuable features of this

work are "Lists of Early Illinois Citizens," which occupy considerable space; "John Todd's Record Book," and the "John Todd Papers," sketch of "Chevalier de Rocheblave" and the "Rocheblave Papers;" and the "Court of Enquiry at Fort Chartres," by John Moses, the secretary of the society.

The "John Todd Papers" include some very interesting letters from George Rogers Clark, Thomas Jefferson, Oliver Pollock, and others relating to affairs of grave importance. There are numerous excellent portraits in the volume, and it is favored with a good index.

NEW YORK AND VICINITY DURING THE WAR OF 1812-15. Being a military, civic, and financial local history of that period with incidents and anecdotes thereof. By R. S. GUERNSEY. Vol. I., 8vo, pp. 449. New York, 1889. Charles L. Woodward.

The part taken by New York City in the war of 1812 is admirably set forth in this volume, which will prove a most useful work of reference in all the future. The metropolis not being the actual site of battles has stood like an unknown quantity with many of the writers who have essayed to touch upon the varied features of this second war with the mother country. Never was an offensive war undertaken voluntarily in the face of such untoward circumstances. The youngest nation in the world with self-reliant audacity had buckled on her armor to compel one of the oldest, haughtiest, and most powerful of nations to respect her maritime rights. New York was exposed on every side. Men of all avocations and trades volunteered to labor on the works of defense about the city; and through individual enterprise alone New York fitted out and sent to sea from her port, within four months after the declaration of war, twenty-six privateers, carrying two hundred and twelve guns and two thousand two hundred and thirty-nine men. The author of this volume draws upon the documentary records of the period, publishing many of them at length, quoting also from newspapers and current literature while the war was in progress. He has been favored with personal information from the veterans themselves and from their sons and daughters, and is therefore enabled to bring many details from obscurity in order to produce a faithful chronicle of the local events of the time. He describes the city in peace, which "then contained about ninety-eight thousand persons, of whom about fifteen hundred were slaves.

The number of aliens was about three thousand; many of them were English, Scotch, French and Irish. The city then contained only about sixteen thousand five hundred houses all told." He tells of the fortifications, of the militia forces, of the war vessels in the harbor, of the troops forwarded to the frontiers, of the blockade, of the honors bestowed upon naval heroes, of the financial situation, etc., etc. He says, of the eastern end of Long Island that the entire country was subject to marauding parties from the British war vessels stationed in Gardiner's Bay; but that no person was killed on Long Island during the war, and only one prisoner taken. The commands of the British officers were to respect private property, and to pay for whatever provisions were confiscated from residents. Sag Harbor was the metropolis of Suffolk county, a port of entry, and a place of considerable trade. It was not occupied by the British forces, and but once attacked. A force of New York state militia was stationed there during the entire war.

THE RUINS; OR, MEDITATIONS ON THE REVOLUTIONS OF EMPIRES, AND THE LAW OF NATURE. By C. F. VOLNEY. Comte et pair de France. 8vo, pp. 248. New York, Peter Eckler.

Constantine Chassebeuf de Volney was born in 1757 and died in 1820. His works are among what may be termed the classics of French infidelism, and among them none has exerted a wider influence than *The Ruins*, of which this present volume is a new translation. The book is to be ranked with the works of Thomas Paine and Robert G. Ingersoll, subversive of much that is regarded as orthodox in the matter of Christian beliefs, and therefore more or less dangerous according to the intellectual character of the reader. Count Volney was beyond question a very learned man, and it will not do in this age of creed revision to cast aside his presentation of historical and ethnological facts as so much rubbish. Few of us would wish to see Christianity dethroned, but some truth is far more important than dogmatism, and there are many passages in the writings of a remote antiquity that suggest an origin for Christian creeds far antedating the Christian era. There is a certain timidity in dealing with these that must be thrown aside by the religious leaders of the present day if they would retain their hold upon an intelligent and thoughtful public. To tell people that such books as Volney's *Ruins* must not be read is simply to stimulate curiosity. To answer them frankly, admitting their truth and exposing their errors, is more in accord with the spirit of the age.

JACQUES CARTIER. His Life and Voyages. By JOSEPH POPE. 12mo, pp. 168. Privately printed. Ottawa, Ontario.

The excellent essay which forms this volume won the prize recently offered by the lieutenant-governor of Quebec for the best presentation of the facts connected with the earliest dawn of Canadian history, together with a truthful picture of the central figure in the scene. Jacques Cartier was born in St. Malo in 1491, and was married to Marie Katharine des Granches in 1519. What is known of the early life of the navigator is told very clearly, but there is not much of it. The author says: "We have no information as to when or under what circumstances Cartier came under the notice of the high admiral of France, nor when it was that Chabot presented him to the king as a fit person to be intrusted with the charge of exploring the wonders of the New World. Neither has his commission for the first voyage ever been found." When all was in readiness for his voyage Jacques Cartier spread his sails on the 20th of April, 1534, and steered toward Newfoundland. His varied adventures and experiences and subsequent voyages are very tersely described in this little volume. The author deplors the lack of historic interest in Canada, and says: "Thanks to the untiring efforts of certain literary gentlemen amongst us, things are better in this respect than they were a few years ago; but in spite of all that Mr. Le Moine and others have done to popularize the account of the early settlement of Canada, not to speak of Mr. Francis Parkman, who has a singular aptitude for investing the recital of historical facts with a romantic charm, we venture to doubt whether one person in one hundred, selected at random in any part of Canada, could tell off-hand the name of the English admiral who contended with Champlain for the possession of Quebec; who founded Montreal; what is meant by the conspiracy of Pontiac; or by whom was the Gospel first preached on the shores of Lake Huron."

LOYALISTS' CENTENNIAL SOUVENIR. 12mo, pp. 183. New Brunswick Historical Society.

To the memory of the Loyalists who founded the city of St. John and the province of New Brunswick this choice little volume is reverentially dedicated. It opens with this significant paragraph: "On the eighteenth day of May, 1783, twenty vessels from New York, with three thousand souls—men, women, and children—arrived in the harbor of St. John, and although they found some people here then, this was in reality the foundation of the city." The

New Brunswick Historical Society was organized in 1874, its first president being J. W. Lawrence, a scholarly gentleman, who for many years has been industriously collecting historical data and pamphlets bearing on the early history and settlement of the province. The account of the centennial celebration and the reports of the speeches on the occasion which forms this work embody much of the valuable history of the province and its people. Lieutenant-governor Wilmot in his address at the celebration spoke of his grandmother, who had five sons when she reached St. John's in 1783. They sailed up the river St. John and went ashore in the night of the 10th of November, in a snow storm, and camped under canvas. Of these five sons, four filled very prominent positions in the province. Many pages are given to the inscriptions in the old burial-ground—a feature of the volume that will be greatly prized.

WEST POINT. A play. By LEON DEL MONTE. 16mo, pp. 166. Robert Clarke & Co. Cincinnati, 1890.

The incidents upon which this historical play is founded are well known, and if introduced to the public on the stage its success must largely depend upon the cultivated intelligence of the chief actors. Its aim is to represent Benedict Arnold in his true colors at the time he attempted to betray and sell his country to the enemy. The scene in Smith's house near Stony Point, Act II., is dramatic in the extreme. The play is cleverly written, and the author gives unmistakable evidence of a very close study of the exciting events of the memorable summer of 1780, which he has endeavored to portray. No period of American history possesses elements better suited to the drama, and with the characters thoroughly understood by those who represent them it will command a warm welcome.

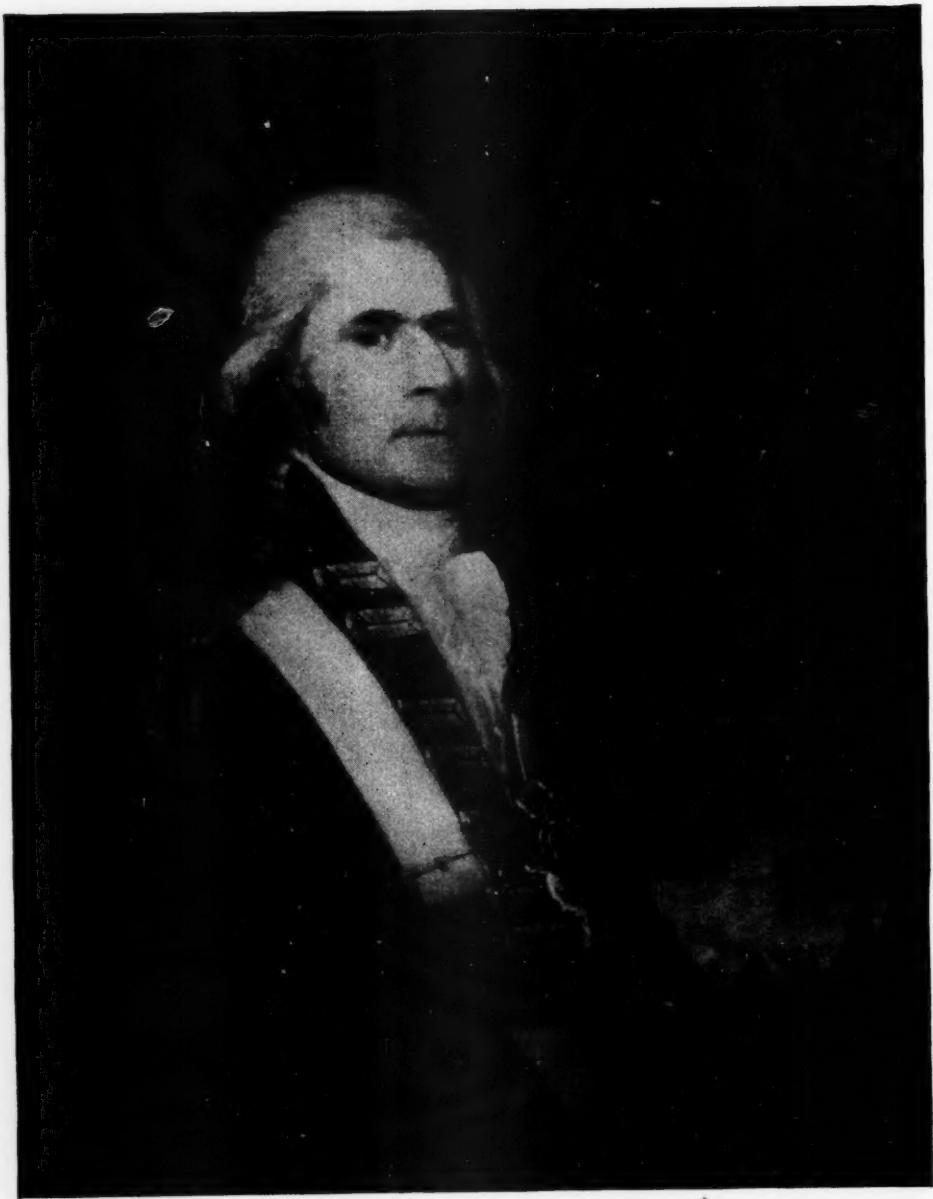
A MEMORIAL OF THE AMERICAN PATRIOTS WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1775. With an account of the dedication of the MEMORIAL TABLETS on Winthrop Square, Charlestown, June 17, 1889, and an Appendix containing illustrative papers. 8vo, pp. 274. Boston, 1889. Printed by order of the City Council.

This handsome volume opens with a "View of Memorial Tablets from Winthrop Square,

looking North," and contains nineteen other illustrations of great value. Trumbull's view of Charlestown in 1775 is one of the most interesting and suggestive of these. The quaint picture of the town of Boston from Breed's Hill in Charlestown, and the views of the country around Boston, taken from Beacon Hill in 1775, are sermons in themselves. The exercises at the dedication of the Bunker Hill tablets are chronicled, and the oration by Hon. John R. Murphy, remarks by Mayor Thomas N. Hart, the ode by Thomas W. Parsons, and the anniversary sermon by Rev. Edward M. Taylor, are printed in full. The latter said: "Few traits of human nature are more beautiful than that sentiment of gratitude and thanksgiving that accompanies the intellectual appreciation of great historic events, where the men of the past have measured up to duty, and left, as the results of their courage and sacrifice, choice blessings for posterity; turning-points in history are always places for profound meditations." In referring to the great political risks taken by the men of the revolution, the learned divine said: "While we never weary of the encomiums pronounced over the heroes of the revolution, who made up the rank and file of that army, the leadership of educated and well-developed men in those days affords a very profitable field of study. The successful weaving of the principles of liberty into the fabric of this great republic was accomplished by educated statesmanship as well as indomitable soldier courage." The appendices to the volume are like the minister's postscripts, longer than the work itself, containing sketches of the battle, the history of the Bunker Hill monument, Webster's orations at the laying of the corner stone in 1825, and at the completion of the monument in 1843, and the beautiful poem, "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle, as She Saw it from the Belfry."

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF THE MICHIGAN PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY. Vol. XIV., 8vo, pp. 720. Lansing, Michigan, 1890.

We have taken the opportunity from time to time to commend the excellent publications of this enterprising society, but in the fourteenth volume now before us we find one of the best of the series, which is saying a great deal. The skill and good judgment with which the material is gathered and preserved are exceedingly creditable, and the result for good cannot be overestimated.



MAJOR-GENERAL EBENEZER STEVENS. 1751-1823.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

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HISTORIC HOUSES AND REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS

RECENTLY I was very much interested in looking over some ancient documents belonging to one of the older families of the better class in Orange county, New York, and manuscript letters referring in detail to the stormy scenes of one of the most eventful periods in American history, and thinking it well to preserve them in some form for the public good, I readily obtained permission to use at my discretion such of the papers as I might choose. That the *literarum personarum* may be the better understood, it may be stated that in 1688 a certain John Ellison of New Castle-on-Tyne* came to New York, where later on he purchased property then described as "without the north gate" of the city, lying about Thames street and Little Queen's street and extending thence to Hudson river (a tract in reality adjacent to the present Trinity churchyard), some part of which, I believe, this family still holds.

It appears from the manuscripts that in the year 1718 John Ellison acquired for a debt a large interest in Chamber's patent at New Windsor, Orange county, New York, then within the "precincts of the Highlands," and in 1723 this title ripened into possession. Meanwhile his son Thomas Ellison had come to reside on the tract, presumably as mortgagee in possession. Thomas Ellison was born in New York city in 1701 and married there in 1723, Miss Margaret Garabrant. In this same year, 1723, Thomas Ellison built a homestead on the bluffs bordering the Hudson river at New Windsor, which, being a commodious stone dwelling, was destined later on to be selected as one of Washington's headquarters.†

* This John Ellison, born February 11, 1649, was the son of Christopher Ellison of New Castle-on-Tyne, born January 26, 1612, died 1695, who was the son of Cuthbert Ellison, a grandson of Cuthbert Ellison, sheriff of New Castle-on-Tyne in 1544, and mayor in 1545-1554.

† The same is shown by the following dispatch:

"Head Quarters Smith's Clove, 21st. June, 1779.

† past 5 P. M.

His Excellency the Commander in Chief thinks proper to accept your house as Head Quarters from the description I gave him on my return from thence last night. He with his guide sets off immediately and the baggage will follow. Your most Obedt. Humble Servt., C. GIBB.

To COL. ELLISON."